

Crystal Humans and Other Stories

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Ugly World

I feared the freak overlords. They were all hideously ugly in mind and body. They became leaders after their normal looking leader got elected to the head of the UW (United Worlds). And he personally had built the freak personae. They were designed to be hideous. He said the World is ugly. And good-looking people were subject to having acid thrown in their face. Soon everyone was ugly. And the freak overlords took all the peoples' money and raped them repeatedly, male and female both. And people were rewarded with money for making themselves uglier. And so, the ugliest were the rich elite. But for sex, they used gorgeous love dolls who didn't mind if their lovers were ugly. Some said it indicated people still had a sense of beauty, but the overlords said love dolls were just toys.

And the overlords hated white people and forced them to change to brown skin. White people they said had brought humanity to the brink of Armageddon, they said. And former white people could not rise to the status of an elite. And were instead slaves, mostly sex slaves. The freak overlords were all bisexual, but preferred to love, love dolls and did the slaves from behind.

I remarked that, "It was a life of horror. And one never knew what new hideous faces would appear. But most people had attractive bodies, it was just the face that was ugly. And the overlords said ugly deeds like cheating at money games and murder, assault and rape were ideal, provided one didn't attack one of the elite, which was an automatic death sentence." My ugly lover, Jane, told me, "She had invented a number of masks which would make people attractive. And even some few beautiful people wore masks to hide their beauty." She was a plastic surgeon in days past and she was playing a dangerous game. But the elite rewarded her for her masks which indicated one's personality in the science of

physiognomy and were all symbolic of one kind of ugly after another. For instance, some were violent, some were doers of other ugly deeds. Some were committing crimes against humanity. This was the highest good. Genocide was welcome. The ugly leaders said, there were too many people anyway and too many ordinary people who didn't believe in ugliness and imagined life was a fairy tale. But of course, it was a dark fairy tale indeed with no happy ending.

Among the elite's ugliest deeds were to break the hearts of the sensitive, nice people and turn them into a mess of sad emotions. And the elite were gratified. The insane were given drugs to make them miserable all the time. There were no panacea drugs for them. It was a cruel World. But the elite took drugs of pleasure which made them happy and ending up keeping them interested in ugly deeds. DNA drugs they took altered their mind to make them uglier and they desired to torture ordinary citizens. But most clever people were wiped off the face of the Earth and there were bounty hunters who sought out "radical thinkers." To be a bounty hunter was one of the most prestigious jobs to have. The vast majority of people, had no job and were just parasites, according to the elite.

I told my ugly love that "Surely, we were not superfluous. Surely, we had use." She said, "We are not welcome in this World." And she got a plastic surgeon to make her beautiful and she wore a grotesque mask, that was hideous. A monster. But both she and I figured that the elite thought that everyone was now ugly mask or no mask. If anything, the masks were uglier than the peoples' true face.

And people had all been hypnotized to believe ugly is beautiful with post-hypnotic suggestion. I told her, "With hypnotism they can convince the people that black was white or that night was actually, day." We had both seen hypnotist spies use hypnosis on people. We tried hypnosis on some people who we kind of liked which was cross-hypnotism and caused many of our guinea pig people to go insane.

And I said, “It’s a World of scary monsters. Deep down we are all ugly. I admit it.” She said, “Sometimes there is a strange kind of beauty to some of the ugly citizens.” I said, “I’ve tried to classify different types of ugly freaks. Like some are zombies, others, vampires or werewolves and orcs and dragon heads and so on. Some are kind of magical beings with magic powers like the ability to fly or become stealthy invisible or cast spells of power. Like fireballs or flame strikes...” She said, “I am working on learning to cast magic spells that harness the energy that is all around us.”

And she said, “I want to use Mind Reading Technology to change peoples’ ways of thinking. The elite use it on dissidents, but I have connections and can acquire an MRT machine. People don’t realize how powerful it is. And I will drive the members of the elite that govern me, insane.” I said, “Do you imagine they haven’t thought of that?” She replied, “It is difficult to acquire a MRT machine, I just have good connections who are in the elite.”

And she said, “I plan to use MRT to force elite members to allow themselves to be hypnotized. And work my way up the elite ladder. It is a foolproof plan.” I said, “Well you have to make it so that your elite subjects continue to do ugly things, lest the leaders sense what is happening.” She said, “That’s easily done. As far as I know no one has tried to do such a bold thing in all our memory here on Earth.”

So, she got the MRT machine and started hypnotizing elites that were in our precinct. But somehow the leaders got wind of her plan and arrested her and when they took off her mask, they were shocked to see a face which she thought was pretty, but which they considered hideous and maximum ugliness. So, they poured acid on her face and then hypnotized her to return to “normal.” And they searched for her friends and found me, and others and we got the same treatment.

But one of the upper elite, thought he had looked kinky and experimented on his own to make all new faces and hid them behind masks and kidnapped them. Soon he had a whole

colony of “beautiful people.” And he sent out Online pamphlets to the people urging them to fight for beauty and in just one week’s time had created a worldwide revolution. Everyone in the streets were shouting out for “true beauty.” Some were able to overcome the hypnosis when confronted with the truth. And we taught people to cross-hypnotize others and they in turn taught many others and so on. Finally, the elite were overthrown. There were only a few hundred of them and we duly executed them. We were the leaders now, me and my love.

And my love and I had our beautiful faces restored and we lived happily. It was the triumph of beauty. People didn’t want to see ugliness and were cross-hypnotized, to help them see the light. Of course, this drove many crazy and they had dual mindsets. Jekyll and Hyde types. Some of them required brain surgery to right their ship. But our brain surgeons were quite advanced, having been used by the previous regime to experiment on people as guinea pigs.

And many people had strange faces in some cases. Strange but beautiful. But everyone was good-looking now. And people were having sex in public and in private. Sex seemed to be ubiquitous. And people all took sex enhancers, and everyone was constantly horny. But few believed in true love except my love and I and a few hundred others. Despite the fact that we were ruling, we didn’t want to hypnotize people any further than they had been already. We just didn’t believe in it as a hangover from the previous regime.

My love and I were celebrated though as liberators. And many people asked us to clone ourselves so that they could befriend us, as so many people wanted to meet us. And so, we had a few dozen clones each and they fell in love with one another, and so did the two of us.

And we built up a World of beauty. Many became Utopian writers and Utopian musicians and painters. And everyone was kind. If they weren’t kind, we had brain surgeons to make them kind. We both felt we were very important, and it seemed the future was in our hands. Some said we were too powerful. But we wanted to be sure that our vision of the World came

true. We kind of made it up as we went along. My love on one occasion remarked, “We could use hypnotism to make people do their best in the arts. And use neurosurgery to improve their thinking.” Many were against using brain surgery of any kind, and they set up political parties to challenge us. But we had overwhelming support amongst the people, who were grateful for the freedom and happiness we had brought them. And we had regular elections but kept winning easily.

And we made ugly deeds and ugly art illegal, and creators of ugly deeds had their brains operated on.

Finally, the two of us retired and left the reins of power in our clones’ hands, and we spent time traveling and writing novels that were all very popular. For example, my love wrote one about a far future in which everyone was a talented writer. Billions of books were written. And everyone had difficulty deciding which books to read.

And I wrote one about a World of clowns. Everyone told jokes and the funniest people were the leaders. Everyone here though was serious about joking. And some wrote satires of the future World in which they lived in. Many appeared like jesters with bells on their hats, some appeared in clothes of light. And the government rented out jesters to powerful people for big bucks. In some cases, they took over when the leaders were assassinated. And the brotherhood/ sisterhood of jesters aimed at taking control of all Earth. It was the deathly joke.

And she wrote one about a far future in which, everyone was a multi-sexual. With new sexual organs and all anyone cared about was sex.

And I wrote another far future tale about a new savior, who brought lasting peace to Earth and Space and ruled for hundreds of years. But people were much like in our time only were better educated and somewhat cleverer on the whole. The average persona was hard to satisfy though and demanded a lot from their savior leader. But he tried to save them from egotism and selfishness and to make them into kinder people. And they kept re-electing him.

And so, we both lived on for hundreds of years during which we tried almost every possible occupation, that is those that required clever humans not AI. And everyone had maximized their intelligence and did jobs like neurosurgery, attorneys at law, writers of all kinds, artists, CEOs, Space investors and developers and so on. Of course, AI could do all jobs, but we didn't allow them to do higher thinking jobs.

And I told Jane, "All's well that ends well."

Frog Humans

We were all Frog men and women. We lived in a swamp and ate fish and insects. We had been changed into frog men by the wicked witch of El Dorado. There was no way to get back to the people we'd been before. The wicked witch ruled El Dorado city in Brazil. We frog men had all gone to El Dorado searching for a modern-day fortune. But we had irritated and disgusted the witch who ruled the city and were changed into frog men. Some of us said our fate wasn't so bad and we could read minds with one another. And we were turned on by other frog men and women. And we had frog heads and human bodies. The swamp seemed to go on forever and there were thousands of frog humans. Some of our number had tried to escape the swamp but we assumed they were killed off as freaks and a disgrace to humanity. Those of us who remained were afraid of the piranhas. We ate the piranhas, and they ate us. Though we had frog heads we had sharp teeth. We hunted piranhas in groups of 10 or more of us, and there were often feeding frenzies. And alligators were on the whole avoided by us.

As for me after a year in the swamp I was very bored and felt I had nothing to lose, so I kept going north and finally after 8 hours of swimming and walking the swamp came to an end. And I kept going north and finally came upon an encampment of fox humans. I was able

to mind read with the fox humans. They were all clever and one mind read that “The wicked witch had changed them into fox humans.” They also mind read that it was better to be a fox human than a frog human. I mind read to them, “I wanted revenge against the wicked witch and a few agreed to join me.” We knew El Dorado city was to the North. So, the five of us went towards the city. As we reached the outskirts of the city, we were confronted by real humans. We mind read with them and they told us we were freaks and would be killed if we went into the city. They said, we were fortunate to have met open-minded people like them. They said we would have to advance on the capital under the cloak of darkness or else we’d be killed.

So, we headed for the bright lights of El Dorado’s downtown. But someone must have tipped off the witch and suddenly she appeared in front of us. She said, “You people are ingrates. I set you up with a beautiful life and you are still not satisfied.” And she cast a spell on us and we were turned into small mice humans and found ourselves in the middle of a forest of perils. I was so frustrated I banged my head against a rock and finally died.

But then I awoke in Hell, it was hot, and I had a devil’s tail and a hairless head. I saw many demons and asked one of them, “What did he do with his time here?” He said, “We live for sex!” And he introduced me to a female friend of his. I loved her and it was good, but after I loved her, she started my demon soul on fire, and I suffered terrible pain and finally I was finally and truly dead.

The Crystal People

I

Our people here appeared as crystal see through people. And we lived on pure energy which we got from the sun. We were not humans, but rather a different race altogether. However, most of us thought we had evolved from humans. But we also thought we were superior. We lived to create beautiful crystalline objects like air cars and houses and moving art. Some of us thought we lived in an Utopia. But I felt it was a loveless, cold World. The people, it was true, were all about creating beauty. But they didn't believe in love, just "geometric sex."

Our sex acts were mind sex. Everyone was the same sex with our people, different than humans who had two sexes, we knew. But we hadn't any records of human history and so our ancestry was lost in the past. And friendship was an ancient forgotten custom. Everyone tried to treat others as egalitarians.

Us crystalline people were all over Space now and basically avoided human settlements. Humans we felt were war-like and destructive and even ugly. But humans were probably our creators centuries ago. However, we worshipped the first crystalline person, and this persona claimed to be happy. We created crystalline art for it and poetry.

I wrote an old-fashioned thing, a deep novel. It was about a World of torture and pain. But crystalline people could not feel pain. I said in the novel that pain is a good emotion which

causes one to make changes in one's life. People of crystal were too apathetic and boring, they were all so calm and cool, I wrote. Those that read my novel said, you are talking about a Dystopia, not Utopia like we have today. No one liked the book, and many said, novels serve no purpose and are antiquated. We are a race of dreamers they said with real dreams not false ones like my novel. And they would sleep 8 hours every night and have intense dreams from the Mind Reading Technology dream stimuli sent by the government. And their dreams would be recorded, also using MRT. Apparently, we didn't believe in daydreams, and were busy with our work and art. Most of them made music and their heads were high-powered crystal radios. The music was mellow keyboard sounds. And they had music on in the background all day and night. Most lived alone and most of them had jobs designing crystalline art, architecture, making pop movies, building air cars and music to try and please one another. We all had at least a passable skill in designing crystal works. Their World was full of art, everywhere you went. It was pleasing to just take a stroll or ride in an air car in any direction, for certain. The atmosphere of our planet was thin, but they did not breathe air.

And the leaders had crystal balls in which they would use MRT to put different people together and see what they would say to one another. Most of the dialog was about sex and art. Sex for them was mind blowing, I could certainly attest to that.

II

And recently a human man and woman had come here to Crystal Planet and wanted to make art like we did. Our leaders turned them into Crystal people, and we all had to admit these former humans had a different perspective. They designed clever-looking crystal faces and asked who wanted to wear such a face. We were all impressed, but the faces certainly weren't in our tradition. However, I tried one of the faces and copied parts of their brains onto mine. After that I was shunned even more by my own people. And I wrote more books.

For example, I wrote about love and greed and selfishness and egotism. My comrades were shocked and outraged by such “nasty atavistic” works. I told them “That they figured they were good and imaginative and didn’t have any bad instincts but to me they were amoral. Just like Earth animals.” They told me I was no better than an animal. And I told them all, “That part of my brain was human now and I was a different species and so should not have to obey the unwritten laws of the Crystal people.” The unwritten laws were to spend most of your time designing art for the benefit of all and spend a lot of time looking at the art of others and listening to their music and thereby gain inspiration.

Some of our number, were considered geniuses and made the most imaginative art types. There were a few musicians and sculptors who I really liked. And I wanted to be friends with them. But they took my friends concept as atavistic and pointless and said such a friendship would corrupt the purity of their art. Art to them was individualistic, which part of me said was noble.

And with my new part-human brain, in which I still looked like a Crystal persona; I told the Crystal people, that, “They weren’t perfect like they all thought.” I tried to shock them out of their habits, but no one listened to me.

Another book I wrote was called “The Genesis of Love Art.” It was about how true love could inspire the people in ways that they hadn’t considered. And there was one woman, Alexis IV who said to me, “I am curious about this love concept of yours.” So, I had mind sex with her and told her, “One day the Crystal people will probably outlaw sex.” She said, “I live for sex and really enjoy sex with you. I want more.” But she added, “Is really liking someone equal to true love?” I said, “You are beginning to get it. True love is an all-consuming passion, I think. And I think I love you!”

And Alexis and I wrote a book together entitled, “Broken Crystal,” which was about two Crystal men fighting one another in a duel over a girl they liked very much. They were

willing to die for love. The people thought it was the craziest thing they'd ever heard, and some made crazy music and art as a result, thinking they were truly inspired. Their take was love was madness, and madness was surely the future of the Crystal people. And some obscure of our number who had made mad music, architecture etc. were now in the limelight and out of obscurity.

The original, first Crystal person, opined, "Insanity was the anathema of our proud civilization. And those who insisted on madness must be deported elsewhere to human lands." But I told this person, "Humans would probably look down on Crystalline people and consider them to be lacking in elan and love. We'd probably be enslaved as inferiors." This statement of mine caused many of our people to reconsider humans as perhaps a kind of equal race to the Crystal people. And I told the people, "Madness is the true essence of our existence on Crystal Planet. Those that deny it are just lying to themselves."

And more and more Crystal people were agreeing with my point of view. And the original Crystal persona committed suicide. And this stirred things up even more. Many of us had considered her words to be sacred and imaginative. And our leadership of five women admitted perhaps they'd been mistaken all along and perhaps we should try and trade art and ideas with humans. And they nominated me to lead a delegation to where the two humans who visited were from. We still retained the ability to travel much faster than light as a hangover from our ancient days, or so we thought. So, we went there first.

III

In this colony, the first human colony we visited, welcomed us as one of many branches of the genus homo. And we found their city to be sparkling and beautiful with good music and art and even movies everywhere. I told them I wanted to write manuscripts for movies about the Crystal people.

Us Crystal humans could not breed with humans. Crystal people would not breed by sex, but rather breed in the laboratory growing from a microscopic crystal fetus to an adult in just one week. The newborns then studied intensively for 20 years, and some studied even more. We had Online classes for everyone, and many kept studying part time their whole life. The curriculum featured art, architecture, music, poetry, business, math, MRT, hypnosis, psychology and the life of the first Crystal person and how she had created our civilization and the subsequent history of the people was also studied. A notable thing that was not studied was literature which as I mentioned above, and they didn't study much science. They figured science had reached its pinnacle with eternal life, MRT, air car technology, with the ability to go to deep Space, good health for all, and so on.

So, in this beautiful city, with spikes coming up from the dome (it was the nearest settlement according to our astronomers), it was Planet Porcupine. And the first humans we met, spoke English and said, we were just another offspring of homo sapiens, and they had numerous such offspring. But they wanted to know all about us. And we gave them some of our best crystalline art. They asked why everything had to be crystal? We told them we were a pure version of humans. And they asked why we didn't have true love? I told them, "Our emissaries believed in true love but no one else did back on our home Planet." And we said we were hoping to gain inspiration from these people. They said true humans everywhere mostly lived in a loving society although some were purely Dystopias, and such people were mostly unhappy. And in deep Space there were more and more Dystopias. We said, our crystalline World was an Utopia and most people were quite content. And I showed them my books, and they were pleased to have such insight into our culture. They said we were a beautiful people. And they proposed an exchange of embassies and said we could learn a lot from one another.

And we told them we had 20 million people, and we all wanted to sell our World's crystal art, architecture music and poetry to the people here, in exchange for their art and even their literature/movies. I told them to, "Send some writers/ directors/ stars to Crystal Planet."

And many of these humans wanted to have sex with us, but sex for us was purely cerebral. Two bodies touched and kissed and used MRT and we got immense pleasure from it. For us it was natural. But anyway, many humans tried it and most said it was amazing, but they wanted to take drugs with it and told us there should be two sexes, males and females. Opposites attract they said.

So, us crystal people emissaries grew human sex organs and get that kind of sexual pleasure and found it to be super. And they already used MRT during sex.

And they shared human history with us, and we discovered that our Crystal people were quite advanced relatively speaking. Many human colonies were debauched and crazy and more and more were ruled by tyrants.

And we discovered that the first Crystal human was created by a brilliant Supercomputer and not by a human like we thought. This same Supercomputer created multi-sexuals who were generally considered freaks, and clever sea creatures... But it had long since been retired and humans said there was enough variety already and we figured they didn't need more species of human. But still over time many types of android peoples were created and hologram peoples too. Some of these other creatures lived amongst humans, others lived amongst themselves in deep Space. And we met some of the androids and wanted to have sex with them, too. And they had sex organs like humans, but the sex was slightly different with more emphasis on MRT (Mind Reading Technology) dreams which one shared with one another while making love. Humans called it dream love. And we wanted to love the holograms, too. Holograms had purely cerebral love like us Crystal people. But there was no kissing or touching. One simply told your love interest that you wanted love.

And I was amazed by how most humans here did no art except traded and shared night dreams. There were many experts here on the subconscious minds. But they assured me there were many Bohemian colonies of humans out there and showed us some of the works of literature they had made in these Bohemias. One of the works popular here was “Red Rhapsody,” which was about a Bohemia of totally open minds in which people shared everything. And they were all some kind of artists. They said, greed and selfishness were not the same as ambition and desire. The book was about a grand party that went on for 3 weeks and the people partied as if each day was their last and many overdosed and died in the frantic partying. I said, “To lose your life accidentally was an anathema.” The people here said, to die happy was the best way to go. Many people live on and on for no reason, they said. And these people had a party too, this one in our honor. But we could not eat or drink, so we just had lots of sex with the people here.

And I was talking with a drunken psychologist at the party. She opined that, “I was trying to get people to perform at their very best with new drugs. And we were very slowly improving the minds of the people here.” She added, “Everyone here now is very clever and we appreciate meeting a new species of humans. We all think you people look very attractive and like your open minds.” I replied, “Most people on our Planet, are not so open-minded as we emissaries.” She responded, “Then you emissaries should go back and rule your Planet.” I said, “It is not so simple. In fact, I think that the people of our colony were glad to get rid of me. And I am determined to visit other types of humans that exist, but your people don’t know about.” She said, “I’ve heard rumors that other such people exist, like as cyborgs and as naked brains doing MRT with one another. But who knows what is out there. Some are even thought to have left the Milky Way for other galaxies.”

And she said, “My favorite Bohemia is a World in which everyone is very serious about being happy. And happiness for them is to write the perfect story. The story they write that I

like best is called, “Perfection 360 degrees,” which is about people who are bred to be perfect and have no instincts or character flaws.” I said back on Crystal Planet the people think they and their arts are perfect, but I beg to differ. I find them to be egotistical, closed-minded, mind sex obsessed, and flatter one another’s art, even when it is mediocre. The psychologist opined, “I think you Crystal people look kinky and sexy and pure.” So I loved her in the human fashion and was very gratified.

And I asked my fellow emissaries how they were getting along? They all said this Planet was a real eye-opener. And they wanted to stay longer. A couple of them said, they were in love.

So, I decided to send pictures and videos and dreams of our experiences back to Crystal Planet. But no one replied, unsurprisingly. There was no way to go but forward. And I asked the drunken psychologist, Marie to come with us to deep Space. She said, “I’m not willing to leave all that I have here behind. I have many friends and lovers.” I told her, “I am very disappointed, but I understand. But you are the first person I ever loved, in the broader sense of love.”

IV

So, we went to the Andromeda galaxy, searching for intelligent life. We brought 6 humans with us for sex on the trip. And our attention was drawn to a Planet, towards the center of Andromeda. It took us almost a year to get there. And we were all suffering from cabin fever. When we arrived in that Solar System, we were escorted by a number of Spaceships towards a sparkling city of light. Here the people all appeared as holograms of light, and they didn’t look human. They each had six eyes in a circle hovering over their head. Their heads were a pyramid triangle and their bodies had 8 arms and hands. They mind read to us in English saying we were welcome to join them in their fun lives. It turned out

that they were a race of scientists and had colonized hundreds of planets in Andromeda. But they were sexless and didn't even have mind sex. And they could hear as well as see with their eyes. And they just wanted to do experiments and they had many experiments that they wanted to do with us. And without further ado they changed us into holograms with 10 hovering eyes, just like them, but we retained our minds. I asked these light creatures, "Do you like the arts?" They told us they had no time for art or play. They were serious about science with most just guinea pigs. The top 10 leaders did most of the theoretical science. And the leaders told us we would make exciting guinea pigs.

It turned out they had developed long distance teleportation and travelled at surprising speeds. And they could project their minds into other galaxies using telekinesis and could develop new science cocoon dreamers. And the cocoons were like their babies and eventually would grow up to be 6-eyed creatures of light.

I asked these people, "Are you descended from humans?" And they said no. But they said they'd picked up the English language from distant radio waves and translated it.

And these people used MRT to convey dreams of scientific Utopia with one another. For example, a World in rich they were all rich and used the money for scientific research. Or being a guinea pig and being transformed into a whole new creature. Or designing more comfortable Spaceships with superior entertainment. And they made a lot of Utopias about humans and other clever creatures. And they even made an Utopia, about us Crystal humans in which we all were trained for science. And so on.

V

And I asked them, "Tell me about other clever creatures?" They told me about the hairless, pink eggheads who all had three heads. And all decisions they made were by two-thirds majority or the agreement of all 3 heads. Apparently when they went to Space, their

peaceful civilization fell apart as they were all greedy for Space real estate and murdered one another. But they still existed in a population of 5 million scattered over a few Solar Systems. But the six-eyed men said these 3-headed people were lost and confused. I asked, “But what original thoughts do they have?” They told me, their sexual behavior was interesting, and they had 3 sexes, each one featured all 3. And they had orgies. And these 3-headed men were greedy for comfort for their mind and had recently developed peace drugs that made them blissful and non-violent. So now they lived in peace and were expanding. And they all believed they had been created by an eight-headed God and were trying to find the God in Space. And they created effigies of their God and prayed that the God would bring them good luck. Apparently, they believed their God was the God of luck.

But the 3-headed creatures had no MRT or eternal youth and life for them was short and sweet. Or maybe not so sweet. They were not really an advanced civilization according to the six-eyed people. They had sent an emissary to save these 3-headed people from themselves, but their emissary was murdered so then they sent a 6-headed “God” to the 3-headed people and told these people to be peaceful and kind and to pursue science.

And they also mentioned about a race of dreamers in Andromeda galaxy who lived in fantastic cities and spent their time daydreaming. They were also related to humans. I said, “We’d like to go there.” And they said, we’ll make it happen.

And the six-eyed people had visited our Crystal Planet and had previously given us faster Space travel but had decided to otherwise leave us alone, except now they got inside of mine and the emissaries minds’ and told us through hypnosis to go to other Worlds. This revelation was a bummer for me, and I felt like I had been used and was just a puppet. But they assured me that they had carefully selected us emissaries as good representatives for the Crystal people.

The six-eyed people shared the latest fast Space travel. And they said they'd given us much faster than light travel, in the past, despite the fact that we didn't do much new science. They had apparently given it to us some time ago, but now updated it so that other galaxies were within reach.

And the six-eyed people said they considered themselves to be the superior race, at least in those Worlds, they had visited. And they said all kinds of thinking people would all come together one day in a loving World of science and art.

Controlled by Spies

The air car driver switched it to emergency manual drive, but he was still hit by a missile from the pirate air ship. Xavier, the driver ejected from the ship before it blew up, but his 10 passengers all perished. The passengers were all big time CEOs and their deaths caused stocks to plummet.

The pirates lived on Mercury and controlled that Planet. And conducted raids on Earth. Usually, they captured slaves or looted bank safes for gold, but in the affair of the CEOs the pirates wanted to undermine the Earth economy and create chaos. And the pirates had spies all over Earth and Space.

The pirate admiral controlled five large Space battleships and 10 small ones. And made Space dangerous and so the vast majority of people wanted no part of Space. But still there were some colonies, especially on Mars and the Moons of Jupiter, and the Moons of Uranus. Total population of all the Space colonies outside of Mercury (which was 1 million people) were 100 million in population.

But the UW (United Worlds) were building a massive fleet deep underground, hundreds of ships to take on the pirates and soon the fleet was ready, and they defeated the pirates in a pitched battle. But some of the pirates tried to escape into Space, but the UW (United Worlds) forces pursued and destroyed them. So, there was peace in the Solar System.

But then the leaders of Earth started a revolution and set themselves up as leaders for life (and everyone had eternal youth). As a result, some were depressed and suicidal. They had really loved their democracy, even though it was always just two parties to choose from. Some said, it was all the same reality. Nothing was different. And most people were apathetic towards the status quo.

There were 10 leaders and they loved one another, 5 males and 5 females. And they taxed the people heavily in order to pay for sparkling new cities in Space including dozens and dozens of colonies in a handful of other Solar Systems. And they, the government got rid of state and municipal and even national governments. Everyone was under their suzerainty. And they controlled the people with regular foolproof lie detectors, and spies. Those who were opposed to the leadership were burned at the stake. So, everyone was afraid to think the “wrong thoughts.” And many people showed up to see the “evil devils” burned at the stake.

And the leaders were power-crazed and decided what jobs everyone would do. And decided who they would love. They used loyal government employees in the hundreds of millions to ensure their control. And people didn't dare complain.

I was in love with a girl, but the government took her away from me and set us both up with lovers we didn't like. And the rules were couples had to stay together for 20 years. I couldn't figure out why the leaders were so controlling. They were only making many unhappy. But they said, they knew best and had to keep everything orderly and controlled. Otherwise, it would be chaos and wars. And to be truthful, most people were satisfied or so it seemed.

So, I tried to live and enjoy what I had. My designated job was an interior decorator. I tried my best, but my heart wasn't in it. I had been an architect before. And my mate was a shrew and bitched and complained to me about my lack of love for her.

But it turned out the government liked my interior designs and rewarded me with cash. And I used the money to buy an air car and so hooked up many times with my former lover. The government didn't find out about it as I met her in a different place every time. The government had powerful computers, but they didn't know everything. But then one day the government told me I would be getting a lie detector test the following day. So, I grabbed my love, and we eloped in my air car to deep Space. We went to the Sirius Star System, where there already was an existing colony, and the Earth government had its spies here. But everyone knew who the spies were, at least they figured they knew them all. So, we poisoned all 20 of them at a feast and killed 25 others who were not spies but had attended the feast. And we destroyed all the lie detectors we could find. But then a new friend of ours, turned out to be a spy and used Mind Reading Technology on us and ordered our arrest. At the trial, we gave our vision for a new colony of love and one in which everyone could choose their job. But the jury said, we had gone too far in murdering all those people and sentenced us to burning at the stake.

Me and the Witch

I asked Lynn, "Where are you going?" She said, "I am living in a World of horses. I want to ride horses and look after them." I told her, "That's the dumbest thought I'd ever heard!" She said, "The link between humans and animals is sacred." I replied, "Animals are moronic, and we should get rid of them." She said, "Animals are cute and loving and they have feelings just like humans." I said, "But androids are cute and loving and much more intelligent than animals and make better pets, if pets are what you want." She said, "Androids are insane, and sex crazed. Why do humans insist on loving them? They are not natural and haven't stood the test of time." I said, "But androids are very loving and skilled in sex, whereas animals are useless. We don't even eat them anymore."

She said, "But now you are in my World of animals, and I will change you into a wild wolf. And magically I was a wolf, a lone wolf. I didn't know what to do but howl in pain. And so, I wandered and wandered and eventually came to a river where there were some bison. I was hungry so I darted after a bison cub and so made my first kill. It seemed tasty even though it was raw meat. But I was miserable and finally I came to an overgrown road and presently came upon a cottage, and I barked outside the front door. Presently a woman emerged with a shot gun, so I ran away as fast as I could, and she fired once but I wasn't hit.

So, I followed the road and came to another cottage and suddenly my foot was caught in a trap. And I howled in pain. But no one came out of the cottage. I was in pain and bored at the same time. Finally, a man came up the road, and I just whimpered. He stared at me for a few minutes and then went into his cottage. And soon he emerged with a tranquilizer gun, and he shot me. I woke up in a cage with a dog, a female. And all I could think of was getting off. So, I tried to mount her, but she played coy all day long and so finally I gave up and just

sulked in a corner. Finally, she came up to me and nudged me, so I mounted her and felt good.

But I wanted to find Lynn and get her to retract her powerful spell. I figured she must be a Goddess of some kind. But I was stuck in the cage. The man who lived in the cottage would feed us dog food it was terrible and made me nauseous. All I could think of was to escape the cage and one day the man sprayed us with water that took away our natural smells. And I tried to write in the dirt that I was a man and not a wolf. The man saw it and soon had a circus recruiter take me away to paw in the dirt in front of millions of people on TV. Most people thought I had been hypnotized to follow a program. I spelt out that evil Lynn the witch had done this to me. But most people just laughed and enjoyed the show.

However, I was determined to survive even though a few of the wolves in the cages had communicated to me in the dirt when there was some. But mostly we were in concrete cages. Finally, I was able to communicate with an empathetic persona, a woman. She said to me that she had heard of people metamorphosing into animals, but she told me there was nothing she could do to help me. She simply didn't have such technology. She said, "Lynn must be a genius and it is too bad you crossed her." I said, "In the meantime you need to supply me with steak and female dogs." She said "Sure," and she looked into it and finally got the technology to turn me back into a human body. And the first thing I did was love her. I looked just like I had originally had, and I thought I was handsome. But I was obsessed with searching for Lynn and exacting revenge. Finally, I discovered where she lived sometimes. And I lay in wait for her and shot her with a tranquilizer gun. And I put her in a cage. But I didn't dare confront her face to face. I sent a dog into her cage, and she turned it into a human female and then broke out of the cage. I ran away and hoped she wouldn't pursue me. But she hunted me down and this time shot me, and I died slowly. She said, "Damn you! You've upset my entire life and hope you go to Hell."

And sure enough, I woke up in Hell. It was filled with damned personae. We were all damned to Hell but wanted to carry on living all the same. It was hot and uncomfortable, and people here tried to enslave one another and torture one another. Some had “dirty magic,” which allowed them to metamorphose humans into demons. And I was duly changed into a demon. I found that in my conscious I thought of devilish projects like building a city in Hell. And I met a lot of kindred spirits here in Hell. Finally, I raised an army of demons, and we broke through into real life and my first act was to kill Lynn irrevocably and so I killed her in cold blood. Next, I let my army of demons loose throughout Mars where we were all from. I personally buried Lynn and put surveillance cameras overseeing her grave and I had her cremated. So, I had the last laugh on her!

And then I used my demon army to eliminate animals everywhere unless they were originally human. And finally, all wild animals had been killed. There remained only pets who were no threat to me. It was a triumph over atavistic forces including animal owners everywhere who were convinced not to have pets, but rather android lovers. I banished animals from the face of the Earth. And was joyous as a result. It felt good to finally be a winner! And I killed off mindless insects too and so nature became silent. Silence was golden after all! And I planned to kill off bacteria as well and make humans totally antibiotic.

Partiers' Planet

On Planet Q---, the people lived for parties. But a small minority were against all the noise and merrymaking. So, they came up with antiparty technology which poured piss on partiers everywhere on the planet and even had poison which killed the party hosts and the life of the party types.

But the partiers were in the majority, and they forced the party poopers into slavery, And many of the party wreckers committed suicide. The right to party was now ensconced in the law. And everyone was forced to party every day. And there were all sorts of parties. Like masquerades, theme costumes and parties that were led and organized by different life of the party types. Some parties were all out orgies. And on one's birthday the highlights from one's life in the previous year were played on a big screen. And one was feted on one's birthday. And many parties were for the benefit of our God leader, the God of parties and fun. The God actually appeared at parties typically with a ram's head and a human body. Of course, on any given night there were hundreds of parties. The population here on Planet Q--, was just 8,000 including 2,000 slaves. The slaves worked as servers and sex slaves. Many enjoyed loving the sex slaves, thinking it to be kinky.

And people had replacement organs like liver, kidneys and hearts grown as stem cells every night they got drunk and took varying new drugs. Most liked stimulants, some wanted drugs to relax. There was a new stimulant that caused one's mind to operate clearly and efficiently at 100%.

The richest persona here was a joker who sold jokes for credits. But I was serious about partying and told no jokes. And there were a few women here who I wanted but were playing coy. However, I had a regular lover, Monique, who I went home with almost every night. Monique was an intellectual and many of the parties she hosted had some imaginative

component. Like people would play the role of a famous star, only instead of following the script, they acted that personality at the party. Guessing what the character would do in different situations was what they strove for. And they had skin-tight masks which looked like real facial skin which made them look just like the star. And all people had good bodies so no need to alter them. There were 1,000's of classic movies that Monique put on.

She also hosted parties in which she nominated one of the partygoers to act out the stories of their life with everyone else being instructed beforehand as to what role to play. Again, they wore skin-tight masks.

I was kind of embarrassed that my life was not very special. I'd only been to four Planets/Moons besides Planet Q in the Sirius System. And I had only loved a dozen women. But I had a philosophy which was to use Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to get everyone connected to everyone else's brain. And I figured if the girls I was interested in could get in my formidable brain, then they would all love me. My philosophy was also to have a child and spend a lot of time educating them. As it was, there were no children here and some of our number, were well over a hundred years old, with eternal youth. And I thought a lot about buying a clone to send to deep Space. But I didn't have enough credits. And I thought to be truly good and reveal that in MRT, but it took some work to be totally good. I was trying to banish bad instincts and thoughts from my persona. I wanted to be the perfect man, one who others would try and imitate. Monique kept telling me I wasn't perfect, but she admitted I was improving. And I figured she was falling in love with me. Certainly, I loved her. And I loved all of her parties and fancied I was a good actor. I spent a lot of time studying classic films. I especially liked, "Martin's Root," which was about a man who sought to improve his mind with drugs, and some of those improvements he made permanent. He totally changed his body chemistry. I tried drugs which gave me altered states of conscious.

And I tried to make a parallel World, of holograms, in which I played God. I raised a number of holograms and tried to get people to come to my Holoworld. But most people wouldn't come saying, it wasn't real. But I made my holograms very clever and treated them all like my own children. Holograms were a new thing and could take the form of a real human for sex and drugs but were easy to create on Supercomputer. Supercomputers though were frowned upon by my contemporaries and mostly just used for Space travel. But I figured holograms were the future. But Monique said, "It was dangerous to play God and you are losing yourself amongst your holograms." But my determination to make the Holoworld an essential World for thinkers not only on Planet Q--, but everywhere there were human settlements. I made some holograms based on DNA of former and living geniuses. Others were created on a whim, out of the blue. And I fell in love with some of my female holograms and I loved them and took mind improving drugs with them. And finally, I broke up with Monique over the Holoworld. And I spent all my time there. And some people came all the way from Earth to join me in my Holoworld. And suddenly I had a thousand real humans in my Holoworld. And I had made Planet Q famous. Some of these migrants also checked out the real World of Planet Q, but they mostly had come for my Holoworld. And I had created a hologram based on Monique only more loving and cleverer and she was my favorite hologram.

And Hologram Worlds were taking over all human settlements and many copied themselves as holograms and many got all their friends and acquaintances to create a clone hologram. And then alter them in the Supercomputer. I figured creating holograms was high art and science.

The Boogie Man

I said to the Boogie man, you don't scare me. He said I am backed by the scariest personae you could ever imagine. I said, "I am not afraid of anything or anyone." So he introduced one of them, a creature that ate humans and looked like a T-Rex. I shot it in the eyes, with the laser I had been provided and it died. Next, he confronted me with a Succubus while I slept that night. I felt the Devil in me and wanted to live on the edge and love her. But she put me under her spell and whipped me. But finally, I choked her to death and her dead body was teleported away.

Next up was an amorphous monster and I found myself in a swamp. The monster was in my head and beckoned me to join him with hypnosis. But I resisted his hypnosis, having been hypnotized before by hostile people, and I ran away but it was slow going in the swamp. And I was bitten by a piranha. And quickly got to higher ground. And then I sat down and waited to be teleported elsewhere.

Then I appeared in another swamp World of swarming mosquitos. They drove me insane with their buzzing and bites. An alligator snapped at me, and I narrowly avoided its bite. Then finally the Boogie man appeared and asked, "If you were scared yet?" I said, "I remain steadfast. In sanity."

So, next I was confronted by a giant on the edge of a cliff and the giant pushed me off the cliff and I died. But I was brought back to life. And the Boogie man asked, "How does it feel

to die?" I said, "I am not afraid of death." So, then a clone of evil Nazi Dr. Mengele appeared, and told me, "I will torture you and break you." And he had 6 goons who grabbed me and dragged me into a dental chair and Mengele proceeded to pull my teeth one by one without anesthetic. It was intense pain and I had troubles speaking afterwards. But then Mengele got in my head and drove me completely insane with visions of torture in which I was the recipient. He broke my back on the rack and pierced me on the iron maiden. And finally dumped me in the oubliette, where grunting creatures bit me and I had to punch them out and eat them to survive.

Then I was back in the sunlight on a beautiful day on Earth, and the Boogie man said, "Are you now afraid of anything?" I confessed, "The oubliette was something I feared." And I said, "But I survived it." And I said, "I want you to be gone Boogie man, with your tortures." The Boogie man said, "I am not finished with you yet." And next thing I knew was in a World of skunks and porcupines. My body was soon filled with quills and was sprayed several times by a skunk. And then I was hit by an air car and died again. And again, I came back to life. And the Boogie man was there. And he put his mind inside of mine and I realized he was totally insane, and he forced me to go to the prison of the biggest mind criminals the World had to offer. And I said, "The World hides these people away as they want to undermine society and were destroyers." But he said, "I am putting them in your mind." And so I knew evil, and I figured evil had always been with us and typically such evil people got into positions of power, like Viking warrior Kings and modern day gangsters. Life was cheap amongst such people. And in my head, they told me to kill my enemies. And when the Boogie man next appeared I strangled him to death. But afterwards I had voices in my head which were malicious and loud. And finally, I was totally insane. And killed myself. The horrors!

But then I was brought back to life. And I killed myself again, telling the powers that be that I didn't want to live anymore. But I was brought back to life again and found myself in a World of beautiful flowers and beautiful women. It was Paradise. And I met God, and he told me, "You are a saint and deserve to come to Heaven." I said, "But I don't think I am worthy." But anyway, I cerebrally loved the women here and got ecstasy. It was sane and good. And I lived on as a spirit for hundreds of years. And forgot all about evil.

Philosophy of All Out Progress with No Materialism

Niall said to me, "I have a tale to tell you!" He said, "Last year I went to Purple land. It was a place of imagination. And was full of imaginative women. They told me stories they had composed. Like, 'The Tale of the Mirror Images.' It was about having the power to copy yourself out of everyone you encountered temporarily. And so, one was surrounded by oneself. And one loved oneself dearly, of course." I said, "It sounds like a game of power."

And Niall said, "This World is for egotists and narcissus people. Do you love yourself?" I replied, "I direct my love to others, myself. I am kind of sick of myself." Niall said, "If you don't love yourself, you will not survive in these dog-eat-dog Worlds in which we live in." I said, "I know some good loving Worlds. Why would I go to a narcissus World?" He said, "Narcissus Worlds are the future and soon will spread to all Worlds." I said, "It is an insidious phenomenon. It is madness." He said, "Selfishness and egotism have built our modern World. It is now out of control capitalism." I said, "We need to roll back capitalism, and bring about more equality. If you love yourself, you should love others equally." He said, "The richest people are the best people and they have enriched most people." I replied, "It's

not too late to change the future.” He said, “Perhaps many people would agree with you, but most believe the future is already here, and it is too late to change reality. In any case most people are relatively well-off and so have no real complaints. And there is ample opportunity to get rich, especially beyond Earth.” I said, “People have been mesmerized by materialism. But it is empty.” Niall replied, “If you stand out from the crowd, you will attract the attention of the spies who will harass you with Mind Reading Technology. After all they are in everyone’s head. This World has been carefully designed.”

And Niall said, “If you don’t love yourself above all, there’s something the matter with you! If you really cared about yourself, you wouldn’t raise hell. The will to live is stronger than philosophy.”

I said, “What other Worlds of note have you visited?” He said, “You would probably like the World of nymphs. It is a sex World. Nothing to worry about. Just concern yourself with what nymph you want to love next.” I said, “One thing that is really good about our World is there is plenty of opportunity for love. And I know a lot of people who never want to leave such Worlds.” He responded, “It is just one aspect of how good the World we live in is. Another good World is a World of the new drug, AAA, the drug works as an aphrodisiac and people really and truly love one another. And the drug also inspires one to do good painting and music and good writing about the story of your life. I think this World would be ideal for you! Create art rather than philosophy.” I answered, “Yes I’ve been to several similar Worlds and do find them inspirational, but not deep enough.” He opined, “Such a World is a safety valve for people like you. You are free to write about your life as you wish in such a World. Just don’t go too deep, is all!”

And he said, “Another good World for you is a certain World of attorneys. The lawyers there fight for justice in many other Worlds where there is a law enforcement agency and legal systems. You could study the varying laws of various countries and fight for justice. It

would help you stay out of trouble.” I replied, “I agree with the old saying that, ‘the law is an ass.’” And I added, “If the judges aren’t freedom fighters the World wouldn’t work, at least for me.” He said, “This World really has good judges and I myself have been involved in litigation there.”

I said, “Your Worlds really do seem good, but I think my destiny is to create my own World of original philosophy which will appeal to only a small number of people.” He said, “It does seem that you have a date with destiny.”

And I said, “My philosophy is to maximize progress and but no materialism.” And so, I built up a colony on Mars with like-minded people. Most of the colonists were liberal and open-minded. And we got many experimental researchers to come here and many radical writers/ movie makers. The movie makers made films of distant Utopias. Like for example, a World of 100 ultra-liberals who clone themselves 100 times each and then colonize 100 Worlds deep in Space. Of course, the colonies each turn out quite differently.

And another World was a World of genius lovers. In history there were few examples of genius lovers. These genius lovers made films of their love affairs with many lovers at any given time.

And another movie was about a future in which it was a crime to think atavistically and if one did so their brain would be operated on. So, people had to concentrate on being ultra-liberal. And so on.

We were creating the future to live in it.

Dr. Bizzaro

I said, “My World is one of horror. The horrors never cease. The World is ruled by my nemesis, Dr. Bizarro. Bizarro has stocked our World with bizarre minds and creatures who don’t think like humans. Originally it was my World of Love and have created a lot of good lovers, both male and female. But Bizarro has interloped and interfered with my World. But I wasn’t going to give in to him.” Lucy, my new friend, said, “All great love has an aspect of strangeness to it, that’s one reason it is so interesting. And strange holograms are so easy to create. And no Holoworld is as pure as their creators envisaged them. It is the price one has to pay for going public.” I said, “But surely we can create Utopia somewhere successful.” Lucy said, “So far there are many great Worlds, but no perfection, no Utopia. But humans aren’t perfect and maybe Utopia is beyond reach. However, some people say their life is perfect, claiming they have plenty of riches and love and great drugs. Some even say their life is too good and they don’t deserve to be so happy.”

I said, “Dr. Bizarro has his bizzarries get in the head of my hologram lovers and force them to do bizarre things like have sex with inanimate objects of art or have sex with animals. And whilst in their heads, got them to worship Dr. Bizarro as God. And offer themselves to be sacrificed in a bizarre ghastly ritual in honor of God Bizarro in which the hologram sacrifice would be eaten alive. Although they were holograms, they could still be devoured. And Bizarro had his minions, the bizzarries appear at, and denigrate the orgies of my holograms, ruining their fun. And everywhere in this World was discordant music and the bizzarries danced and sang.

Many of my holograms killed themselves simply by turning themselves off and died irrevocably. I had lost control of my own World. And I figured if I tried to set up a new World it would also be crashed by interlopers, and I still loved my holograms even though they had been corrupted. Bizarro had put destructive thoughts in their minds, and many contributed to the destruction of this World’s artistic foundations and made it into an empty

wasteland. And Bizarro had clowns to assist him to lead the hologram people here, replacing my favorite lovers and the whole of my World became a joke. I was embarrassed.

And then one day Bizarro had me arrested and put in a gibbet for all to see. And my holograms now turned on me and threw things and mocked me.

And Bizarro everyday was busy creating new bizarre holograms, but then one day, one of his creations killed him and slowly my World changed back akin to what I had created. And I was released from the gibbet and given medical attention which was crude, but it kept me alive.

But the bizarries were fiends and elected a new leader. But the new leader was Devilish rather than bizarre per se. And they again got in the heads of my remaining holograms. And forced them to kill and injure one another. The World was out of control and going down and so finally I left while I still could, bringing 10 of my favorite holograms with me. We set up a new World in cyberspace. And we designed an artistic World and loved one another with cerebral love.

But then one day a human girl came to our World and when I got into her mind, I discovered she was a reincarnation of Bizarro. And I killed her. But my holograms were against killing, especially killing a human woman. And my holograms elected a new leader and kicked me out of my own World. I was morose and inconsolable.

So finally, I signed up for a war between Mars and Luna, and I lasered and killed several before being killed myself. But I awoke as a reincarnation as a new creation on Earth, but I had all my former memories. And I resolved to create a World of horror in keeping with my previous life. So, I imported freak humans and ex-cons and mercenaries and so on. I took their money upon their arrival. And I had attracted them by promising a World of freedom and anarchy. I ruled them with an iron fist and gave them nightmares while awake and asleep. And they fought with one another and tortured one another which made me full of glee.

There was no law except my edicts. And these included everyone had to kill at least one other human once a week. Some of them told me I was power-crazed and totally insane and I took such statements as compliments. And some of them asked why I would create such a colony of horror. I said to them, "It's evolution." And myself killed one of my subjects a week. And so, they were irrevocably dead. No reincarnation for them.

And I took all their money so they couldn't leave this colony on asteroid Ceres. We lived in a domed city and Spaceships just visited once a month bringing new recruits and water.

Many of the people here thought it was good anarchy. And they were bloodthirsty. But they were all paranoid that they were being targeted by others and they probably were right.

And having sex here was very dangerous. Your lover might try to kill you. In fact, this was how most people here died. And some women were known as "black widows," and were very dangerous. Typically, they got off before killing their lover. Others took drugs together and the victor would be the one who could consume the most drugs without dying. Sometimes both died. Others fought in battles. The wars were for territory and of course to get their weekly kills.

With the end of each week, the bells tolled one hour before the deadline and those that didn't have a kill for the week, typically went out in the street armed with bows and arrows or went out as prostitutes. Those that didn't make their kill were shot by my goons, of which I had ten of. But I got in the heads of my goons and hypnotized them to not kill me or others of my goons. But the goons didn't worry about making their kill as there were plenty of people who they executed.

My only worry was that not enough fresh meat would come every month. Upon arrival they would be given a bow and arrows and a home to live in and they could request drugs for overdosing or almost overdosing or just for euphoria.

Life was short and sweet here I thought with all the good dangerous drugs and dangerous sex.

He Traveled Everywhere

Roger said to me, “I feel I’ve lived a thousand lives!” Of course, he was almost 200 years old, and many didn’t make it past 1 month of life after being born with an adult’s body (with the memories of both parents). And Roger said, “I’ve been to all 97 of the Solar System’s colonies and all over the 7 continents of Earth and the numerous undersea colonies. Most were Utopias or tried to be, but some were fraught with peril and had crazy, unpredictable leaders and dangerous drugs and citizens. But I survived it all, and now I am going to the Centauri colonies, a 3-week journey. I will be the only one who has managed to go to all human settlements in Earth and Space. And I am awarding myself the first Traveler’s cup. Anyone who can duplicate the feat will earn their name on the cup together with highlights of their travels on video.”

I said, “Show me some of the highlights of your trip!”

So, he said, “OK, I’ll give you the highlights.”

“My first lover in my first year of life was a shrew from Baltimore city state. She kept me chained in her basement and would love me every night. Finally, he strangled her to death and a few days later was rescued by police. The body stank in the summer heat and was full of maggots. It was a horrible way to start my life, but the judge absolved me of all guilt, and I was free to go. It was all recorded on video surveillance.” And he said, “The next significant

event in my life was a trip to Miami city state where I took a job as a pro video golfer. It was an easy job, but he had to practice 10 hours a day to keep up and my job was basically to help people use the video golf technology. And I had a lot of friends and lovers. And then I started touring the World visiting pro video golfers who by that time had greatly outnumbered real golfers. But most of the simulated golf courses had the same software and I won a lot of tournaments. During these years I met a dream woman who sold dreams for a living. Many were recording their dreams with the help of dream stimuli, and she figured it was good entertainment. Her personal dreams were the best and I made some dream videos with her. He showed me some of the dreams. One was set in a World in which a light snow was falling, and I was an Inuit of the year 1850 and he and some men speared a whale with harpoons and then butchered it and ate the meat raw and I loved a woman in an igloo. I was just a guest in the small group of igloos. And my takeaway was how hard life had been for the Inuit.”

“Next, I toured all historical periods and settings that were available. I especially liked the Wild West and 1969. I met many interesting people who were tourists and actors / actresses. In 1969 I met a loving girl who wrote books, like ‘Unreal Love,’ about impossible loves who got together and surprised everyone, and many here gambled on who would love who and many lost their shirts. And she wrote a ‘A Dwarf’s Philosophy,’ about underground people who had large brains on a small body and believed it was safer to live deep underground from a World of nuclear threats. And I loved this girl hard and she drove me wild!”

“And in the Wild West simulation, I met a female gunslinger. She ran a virtual saloon of love in which she had high class hologram prostitutes. People enjoyed having sex with them. Of course, it was virtual sex, and therefore cerebral sex, but millions of people came to this lawless Wild West show. And I virtually loved this female and was amazed.”

“Then I began to travel in earnest around our modern World. I was in the biggest undersea colony when saboteurs bombed the dome and I narrowly escaped. And then I was in Antarctica for the first city being built there and fell in love with a woman who was the main architect of the settlement. She was also a painter of sci-fi cities to be. Together she and I traveled all over the Earth and then went to Space. She submitted sketches for future buildings, and I played in golf tournaments, and designed virtual courses to fit the terrain. We both made a lot of money to pay for our travels. Then finally on Mars we broke up and went our separate ways. She said, “I am tired of traveling and want to go back to Earth for a rest and I pushed on into other Planets and Moons. The highlight for me was loving a woman who had the torso of a woman and a vagina and the long body of a snake on Uranus’s Miranda Moon. She was the wildest woman I ever loved.”

“And on Triton, Neptune’s Moon, I met a woman who told me she’d loved over 10,000 men and she was trying to love someone from every settlement. It occurred to me then that there were many ways to approach traveling through Earth and Space. But so far, she’d only found a lover in one-half of Earth’s settlements. But she said she was 130 years old and would live forever and achieve her love goal.”

“I started golf clubs throughout Space, still designing the Web courses to fit the virtual terrain. And I was consistently in the top 10 virtual golf winners for 80 years before I finally retired and revisited my favorite cities and lived a life of leisure. I continued to meet lots of new lovers and new friends. One lover I met on Europa, Moon of Jupiter, told me, ‘My life was too easy. And you need challenges!’ I considered becoming a gigolo and did it for a while. The women clients seemed pleased with me and wanted more from me.”

“Finally, I went to the Centauri System to complete my circumnavigations of all human settlements. And the colonies on the Planets and Moons of Centauri, got a lot of light and heat from the 3 suns. And the people here were decadent, not the pioneering type one saw

elsewhere in Space. I loved a few of the women here and lived in the lap of luxury that had been created by the numerous advanced robot builders, 3 years prior to my arrival. I met a girl here, Cinderella, on Planet Far Out, who said, “My philosophy is to create robots than can think, but will not have the vote, to build even cleverer infrastructure like Holoworlds.” And I loved her. And we went together to one of her Holoworlds. This World was very musical and featured hologram copies of great musicians of today and clones of dead ones. And she said, I plan to make a fortune on the original, exotic music here.”

He said, “I have never experienced music before that demanded my full attention with all the fantastic lyrics to focus on. And I especially liked, “Teleport Fever,” which was about colonizing distant galaxies with holograms. And I liked, “Swift Justice,” which was about law and order in Space in the future. In which androids, holograms and humans were all equal before the law. And the ‘Song of Loons,’ about crazy future androids who would do things like, sing discordantly in a choir and do crazy deeds like love everyone who wanted to love them. No exceptions”.

“And I stayed in the Centauri system for a month before taking off for Barnyard’s Star. The Planets there had just been settled one year prior to my arrival. On Planet Sybaris, I met a man who said his name was Kurtz and he had created a Holoworld of females who all reached orgasms when he did and there were hundreds of them. He was the master, and the hologram people would occasionally petition him like to give them more autonomy and freedom. Or to give them better orgasms. Kurtz meanwhile was totally debauched. He was basically a Lotus Eater and was out of it on the latest pleasure drugs. I truly felt I was on the edge of civilization here. And he shared a few of his mind-blowing lovers with me and I was amazed. I was quickly addicted to these women, and I asked Kurtz, “About his philosophy?” He responded, “Civilization is going down and he was just getting his kicks before Armageddon leered its ugly head.” And he and I got drunk and took the latest stimulant

drugs. And he remarked, "I feel so free here beyond the reach of the mind reading spies; but I am sure they will appear here soon and ruin my fun!" I replied, "But to come all this way and just be a debauchee seems like madness." He said, "Of course it is a mad World, like all the other human Worlds today. Madness is our destiny!"

So this was his life in brief. And I wished him luck!

If He Was President

I said to Mandy, "Your friend, June won't leave me alone. I don't want to love her. She's not my type." Mandy said, "June is not the first woman to lose it over you! You are such a stud Prince." I said, "Psycho people should be forced to see a shrink and take tranquilizers and have restraining orders by the courts to leave people like me alone." Mandy said, "You should clone yourself several times to keep up with all the women who want to love you!"

I told her, "It seems like everyone is going mad these days. Even though the powers that be deny it." She said, "To drive people mad with desire is the essence of our civilization of greed and love. And I want to love you, too!" I said, "The essence of civilization should be intelligence and imagination." She replied, "Most people are not highly intelligent nor imaginative. And brain apps don't work well with them. It's just a sad fact. And the masses keep electing demagogues who make the masses happy by not requiring them to work and giving them a generous stipend. And these demagogues leave the intellectuals free to think as they want to, provided they don't try and take power. Most intellectuals are satisfied with the status quo, I think. We live in an Utopia."

I said, "If I was leader, I would invest in Space and develop drugs to enhance peoples' imagination. And I would revisit brain apps to make them work on the people. It's evolution." Mandy said, "I worry that clever tyrants will take power and usurp our democracy. As it is the spies find mediocre tyrants before they happen and arrest them. But many of those who are clever, are not very kind, and not very loving. Such people leave me cold." I said, "But we've based our civilization on the new inventions and ideas of intellectuals." She replied, "Our society is based on just a handful of inventions. Like eternal youth and Mind Reading Technology and anti-virus drugs and neo-opiates and antibiotics and electrical power and robot builders and love dolls and holograms and fast speeds in Space and teleportation and computers and Automatic Production Machines, brain apps and so on." And she said, "It's all been done, now. There's nothing more we need from science. And as for the arts, they are just like drugs, giving comfort for one's mind."

I responded, "The arts to me, are a striving for Utopia and we still have a long way to go before we achieve Utopia. It will require thousands of great geniuses to get Utopias for everyone. And I think that science will progress with the creation of great new geniuses and will achieve all kinds of things we haven't yet dreamed of!" She told me, "I doubt it."

And I said, "When I am President, I will make life better for all. Make people richer, better educated and have them all be forced to improve their mind with brain apps. And everyone will have their own hologram dreamworld which they will invite others to visit, and they will adventure together. They will be able to copy one another's brain for the holograms and of course tweak them slightly." She said, "I think your hologram idea is bonkers and will result in torture for thinking beings." I said, "Of course everyone will need to be watched with their holograms, but I feel it would lead to cerebral Worlds, which will be full of their favorite people. And they will need to treat their holograms with respect and care. It will be like Utopia for everyone. To each his/her own. Everyone will have a custom-made Utopia."

And we already have hologram technology and a limited number of experimental hologram Worlds.” Mandy replied, “Yes, but no one has the crazy idea to put everyone in a number of different Holoworlds.” I said, “But I am willing to fight politically for my idea. I think the average human will be delighted to have their own fantasy World.”

And I said, “Furthermore, if I was President, I would encourage people to travel to Space. Make it fashionable with Bohemias and other synergistic groups like a Science Council of the best scientists.” She replied, “Most great thinkers keep mostly to themselves and would benefit from getting together with other great thinkers. Yes.”

And I opined, “If I was President, I would ask each citizen how they could be happier and try to grant them their wish. I would encourage everyone to be a dreamer. And dream not of material things but rather dream of ideas and how they could use them. I think everyone wants a World of dreams and just need to practice conscious dreaming.” Mandy replied, “It sounds ideal, provided you don’t use holograms!”

And I said, “I would also like to recreate religion. We will worship hypothetical Aliens. Aliens who are mentally superior and everyone will try and imagine what Aliens would look like and think.” Mandy said, “Religion is dead. I don’t think we should resurrect it.” I said, “Basically every tribe that existed in the past had God or Gods. It’s human nature to worship a superior power. In any case the Universe had to be created by some entity.” She replied, “It is true that the Universe shows some intelligent design. But it will be eons before we figure it out.” I said, “Maybe we have to create God to get the people to behave!”

And Mandy said, “If I was President, I would simply be pragmatic. Make the people richer and better educated. In my view education could turn everyone into a genius with the right tutors. Have the best people write the curriculum...” I answered, “The sky is the limit! And I think you and I have a lot in common.”

And she added, "I'd like to develop better drugs to deal with widespread insanity." Maybe the drugs need to be tailored to each individual. But I believe we can do it." I replied, "Some people seem hopelessly insane, but we definitely need better drugs and more shrinks with better training.

I said, "When I am President, I want you to be my VP. And I'd like to love you." She said, "Let's do it right now." So, we became lovers and enjoyed one another's company. And challenged one another. Finally, we were elected President and Vice President of the North American Federation of City States. And we effected change.

While we were in office, we were challenged by a war between Mars and Luna and so we sent millions of peacekeepers and made it clear that we would not tolerate war anywhere.

And it was a challenge creating hologram Worlds at first but finally almost everyone wanted to try it. The rest of our ideas went over quite well. And we were re-elected again and again. And we got other nations and alliances to join us in making Space a free place with no dictators tolerated. Indeed, while we were in office, the last tyrannies ended and were replaced by democracies, which we backed up. And we went down in history as famous lovers. But eventually we resigned from office and went to Barnyard's Star System along with many intellectuals for a fresh start. We left clones of ourselves behind on Earth to advise new rulers.

Independent Party

Peter said to me, “You are very different in person compared to your public persona. I said “3-D news, which I do is mostly very serious. I am actually a laid-back kind of guy.” And Peter said, “I don’t like the news and I don’t like where humanity is headed.” I said, “But famous people are dying of overdoses every day and people are dying in air car crashes every day despite a mostly automatic system and famous people are going to Space and there is new technology being introduced daily and new drugs for happiness daily, and new models of android love dolls about once a week. And so on. Some news is good, some bad. That’s life.”

Peter asked, “Why don’t you explore new novels in your newscast and support authors?” I replied, “The news is not the place for new arts.” He asked, “Why not?” And he said, “I think I will start a news program that only features art as well as science breakthroughs. It will be 24/7 Earth time.” I said, “But there are already shows for the arts and sciences, for those who are interested.” And I added, “People tend to watch the news to keep abreast of developments, especially in politics and entertainment.” He responded, “The news purveyors should get together and make all news highbrow. I am sure the people can handle it. I am sure people are tired of murders and violence and suicide that the news covers ad nauseum. I want positive, progressive news for all.” I replied, “If you want to change the news you have to get elected President of our Federation of City States. He said, “I would rather remain in the background. Politics is such a dirty business. But I am already a member of the Independent party, and in the leadership. If we win, I’d like to be minister of telecommunications and news.”

I told him, “I’d still be surprised if you were able to tell news broadcasters what to do. They will insist on freedom of speech.” He replied, “Already hate speech or racist remarks

are illegal. And sex is censored. The next step is naturally to ban violence from the air waves. And ban empty entertainment and nasty politics. Covering such news is an anathema and pulls one down. We need inspiration instead.”

I opined, “I would like to set up a love news channel. That will feature clever, real lovers and the vicissitudes of their relationship including intimate details and sex. It will be a voyeuristic web site. And the lovers will be paid hundreds of millions of dollars. It will be a channel which caused people to try and love one another like the love geniuses. And be entertained at the same time.” Peter said, “It would be just another reality show. But perhaps it would be an inspiration to some.” And I said, “I want contestants to try out the latest love dolls and show their whole relationship on live TV.” He said, “Android love dolls are ruining the human sex experience, and no one wants to love a human now. It is the biggest disaster of our century, I think.” I said, “It’s evolution. And there’s no going back, now.”

Peter said, “When I am in government, I will spearhead attempts to stop the development of improved love dolls and roll back the technology and bring back human love. Of course, there will be a lot of resistance, but I feel we could overcome it.” I said, “You’ll never get away with taking peoples’ true loves away from them. It will be a massive rebellion.” He said, “All we can do is try.”

As it turned out his Independent party, won power with a majority government. They got the news bureau chiefs to agree to more inspirational news, good news. But they didn’t dare try and stop the love doll phenomenon. And many of those in the government had love dolls, even. All in all they didn’t have much effect on society on the whole. Most people thought they were a steady hand on the wheel during an era of great change. Humans were changing and evolving and the Independent government let it happen. But they tried to make all changes deep and highbrow at least. They convinced everyone that they could be cleverer and

happier and better. And they promoted writers and scientists to positions in the government. Many thought the Federation was Bohemia.

And Peter wrote, "Utopian Dreams." About changing the World to be ruled by an oligarchy of the best in the arts and sciences. An elite World where people were ranked according to their intelligence. And in the novel, he wrote that the human race should all take brain apps to be cleverer and no one should be left behind. People would try their best to move up the elitist ladder. And most of the elite would be rich beyond imagination. And there would be no more democracy, which was after all just rule of the masses. People weren't equal, but all could be equally happy. The book was a hit and everyone considered it seminal reading and many thought it was the future. And many said the book was the political philosophy they subscribed to.

And Peter wrote, "Centauri Dreams." It was about a deep Space colony in which each person lived in a white tower and had magic spells. They even wore conical hats with stars on them. Many tourists came here to see the magic. The wizards put on shows for tourists and dueled with one another using magic spells. And they had spells like "time traveling" and "future Utopia." And hypnosis and telepathy and telekinesis and teleportation. It was all magical.

I said, "Science can seem like magic sometimes." Peter said, "It's just a question of whether or not its black magic or not! We need to make sure the future is good magic."

I said, "Your Independent party is in itself magical."

Old Margaret

I told Margaret, “You are 200 years old, but with eternal youth you look very sexy. Very appealing.” She said, “Sometimes I feel like I’ve seen it all, but other times I meet people like you!” I said, “I am only 50, but feel the same as you!” She said, “Let’s go to Io, Jupiter’s Moon, and meet the people there. I’ve never been there.” I said, “I heard the people there have a fiery temper and are vivacious. It’ll do us both a favor to go there. On the one-day trip we made love many times and I felt like I’d known her forever.

On Io, we decided we just wanted to spend time together and didn’t mix with the locals, who invited us to their parties. Margaret told me, “I’d been in the gold business for many years and had met a lot of rich people and a lot of desperados. And gold brought out madness in people. It was out of control greed, and many people had a fortune but didn’t enjoy it. Instead, they were insatiable for more gold.” I said, “It reminds me for some reason of obsessive-compulsive disorder. It is insanity for which there is not really a cure. But I know that they are treating rich maniacs with a new drug that makes them sex-crazed instead. It seems to work at least in most cases. Some want tens of thousands of lovers and count them all. And they covet other peoples’ lovers and win them over with their fabulous riches. Apparently, many are content with just sex as the focus of their future.”

And Margaret told me, “I’d worked as a Supercomputer programming many years ago. At the time the Supercomputers were very much in the background, not running things like they are today.” I said, “In a recent poll, they found that the vast majority of people thought

Supercomputers were too powerful. But the Supercomputers and automation made everybody at least somewhat rich. And in any case, it was too late to stop them.” She replied, “It is kind of like people are all on a permanent vacation or retirement and let Supercomputers do most of the living.” I said, “The human race was never anything more than a dream. It is amazing how far our dreams have got us!” She replied, “I spent a decade in a dream cocoon dreaming constantly. And I look back on that decade as a happy period in my life, but I fell behind in terms of World progress. But finally, I am back living in the present amongst the hipsters.”

I asked Margaret, “What else have you done?” She responded, “I was a kept woman for one of the World’s greatest authors, Bob P., I guess you’ve probably heard of him.” I said, “Yes, I especially liked ‘Contested Territory.’ I liked how he described the true-life Space magnates and their mad psychology and personalities.” She said, “Bob was addicted to the highly esteemed panacea drugs, the kind that cost a small fortune. And I was his favorite woman, and we were together for 20 years. And I took the panacea drugs too. They were good times.”

Margaret also added, “I have also worked as an architect off and on over the years, especially in Space where I designed a number of domed cities. It was my first and last job of any consequence. I have designed cities or parts of cities on Triton, Ganymede, Titan, and especially on Mars and Luna.” I said, “It was your wonderful buildings that attracted me to you in the first place. Your work is brilliant.”

I said, “I’ve been a struggling writer most of my life. But recently as you know, I’ve been an air car salesman and it has made me rich.” She said, “I like your books, in particular I liked, ‘Ballad of a Blind Man.’” “I liked how you portrayed the blind man as being the smartest man in the World. I said, “We are all blinded by the light.” And she said, “I also liked, ‘Harvey’s Choice.’” “I enjoyed how Harvey was confronted with risking his neck to fight in a just war, or to run away to Space.” I replied, “Even today Space is largely an escape

from terrestrial problems.” And she said, “I also liked, ‘Heads on Triton.’ I was left wondering whether such geniuses truly existed!” I told her, “It was of course based on fictional characters. People who ought to be. And I know that some magnates have tried to create such great minds in the lab. I sold 10,000 copies only however.” And she said, “I even liked your obscure ‘Study of Mind Reading Technology,’ I don’t know why that wasn’t a success?” I said, “The powers that be didn’t like it. They said basically, it was just a diatribe from a loser.”

And Margaret and I stayed together for a few years. Then we finally got tired of one another and moved on. But I never forgot her voice of experience.

The Genius Clair C.

Clair C. opined, “I recognize the wondering soul in you.” I said, “I wonder about women. I love them so much! She said, “Do you find women to be mysterious? I replied, “Yes, and unpredictable. One never knows what will happen on a date! Some genius women are also very spontaneous. One never knows where one will live from one day to the next. Fortunately, I am a wealthy gentleman of leisure, so I can afford to go anywhere with a woman in my air car, even Space.”

One of my favorite genius lovers, Marion, was a writer who wrote, a book about life from the perspective of an ordinary woman, called “Cruel Race.” The protagonist was quite angry at society and thought it was cruel. Then one day, the protagonist’s boss told her, everyone was lost these days. And after that she had no worries and just tried to enjoy life.

And she wrote another book called, “Debbie’s Madness.” It was about a woman who fell crazily in love with a man and trusted him with all her secrets including a secret about a man she had murdered, apparently in self-defense. But her lover told the police on her, and she was sentenced to 25 years hard time. In jail, she killed a few inmates and then she had 101 years to serve. But she had eternal youth, so she survived and after 75 years they let her go. But society had changed, now everyone was retired and society totally automated. And there were great new drugs to take. And now everyone was loving android love dolls. She tried some brain apps in an effort to catch up but was lost and eventually went to a mental asylum.

And Clair took me to Mars where she had a lot of friends. I met her friend, Doreen who had composed a couple classical symphonies. She said, “I was working on a symphony based on radio waves syntheses from Planets and Moons. I call it the ‘Music of the Spheres.’”

And another of her friends, Timothy, was working on teleporting whole buildings into Space. He said, “Eventually we will be able to teleport whole domed cities into deep Space. It’s magical.”

And another of her friends, Bonny was working on smoother rides for air cars going long distances.

Another time we went to Ganymede, Moon of Jupiter. We’d never been there. And discovered a low-profile Bohemia. We met a woman who was a dancer who was able to fly and had a couple of banners which she moved spiraling through the air. And she sang original songs. It was quite entertaining. Clair told me, “I love anti-gravity dancing.” I said, “I love everything about women except for their predilection for dancing. I think dancing is inane and foolish.”

And we met another woman on Ganymede, Iris, who wrote a book about, “Roller Skating Dreams,” in which everyone had powered roller skates, that helped one to deal with the heavy gravity here on this Moon. It was seminal reading here. And Iris wrote, “Love Slave.”

It was about a woman who loved a man so much, she became his love slave and she lost herself.

Another writer we met here on Ganymede was Attila R. For example, he wrote, “Conquest of Space.” It was about the settlement of Ganymede city taking over the Solar System with the Genius party running for election in every colony. And winning government. And he had inspired the Imagination party which now controlled 2/3 of Solar System colonies.

And we met the mayor of Ganymede II city. She said, “Our city is eclectic, attracting intelligent people of all kinds. The city had an azure dome and the buildings blended in well with one another. It was thought to be one of the prettiest cities in the Universe. And people inside the dome had a gravity of 1.0 Earth’s gravity.” I said, “It seems like the people are confined to the relatively small dome and can’t handle the wildlands of Ganymede in which a number of hardy blue plants grew, and nobody lived.” The mayor, Jerri said, “We have developed drugs to help one deal with the cabin fever here that make people open-minded and relaxed.”

A Genius Musician

I said to Carla, “I like the way you play guitar. She said, “To me the lyrics matter more than the guitar work.” I said, “Usually good guitar players pick good lyricists to sing for them, but I guess you are both personae in one. You are a rock and roll machine!” So she played me some more songs, from her new Death record. One track was called, “Death of a Giant,” which was about the hypothetical death of the King of Music who would die of an

overdose in a dream and drug cocoon. Another one was called, “Death in the Head,” It was about interlopers who got in the head of a painter, a sensitive woman’s head and drove her to suicide. One was called, “Death by Mosquitos,” which was about dying in a swamp. Swamps were rare these days but with quicksand and piranhas and crocodiles and the mosquitos buzzing madly in your head. Another song was about “Death by Being Marooned,” on an asteroid, left all alone to drive oneself crazy and finally commit suicide. Another was “Death of a Genius,” which detailed how a hypothetical genius was depressed by boring reality and finally killed herself.

And another was, “The Demise of Dr. Vape.” It was about a professor who died from smoking new, untested drugs. And the “Downfall of Mars,” which was about a new class of disease that was neither bacteria nor a virus that killed people almost instantly. And the climactic track was “The End of Worlds,” which was about humans being replaced by androids.

Carla said, “Death is everywhere despite eternal youth. Few live beyond 100!” I said, “People were never meant to live so long anyway. I, personally am getting sick of life.” She said, “It is my belief that in the future people will live less and less long. The greatest failure of our civilization is not inspiring people to live on and on.” I said, “The ones who live on are mostly mediocre minds; the clever all die, sooner or later.”

And I asked Carla about her other record albums. She said, “The Death Record, was my fourth. My first album was entitled, ‘The Crazy Drugs’ Album. It was about my experimentation with new drugs.” And she said, “Most people are familiar with drugs that enhance your imagination and cause you to hallucinate. Some people of course say that anyone can be a good poet on such drugs. Also familiar are drugs which change one’s mind and make you more intelligent permanently. But many are afraid to use such drugs. Then there are drugs which cause people to live like lotus eaters, totally out of it. About 20% of the

Earth population is a lotus eater. And also common is the class of drugs for insanity. After all, nearly everyone is hopelessly crazy. The drugs make one feel calm and happy ideally. But in fact, many people are so depressed and crazy that the drugs aren't enough. Far more obscure are drugs which cause people to act wildly like a wild animal/ prehistoric human. And such drugs lead to violence and discord. And also obscure is the class of new drugs which increase one's ability to multi-task. Many today are busy with romances and want to communicate with more than one potential lover at one time. And another obscure class of drugs are medicine for boredom. Such drugs are basically stimulants which enhance one's memories and keep people hungering for new pleasurable experiences. And also, there are drugs which also enhance memory. Only they allow one to gather more knowledge and easily recall the knowledge they have 99%. And more and more popular are sex drugs which enhance sex. And there are drugs for idiot savants to make them more well-rounded in their mind. Such drugs also have permanent effects."

And Carla said, "I have composed a song for each of the 10 drugs I have just outlined." And I asked her, "What about your second album?" She replied, it is called, "The Sex Album." She detailed how the first track is called, "Normal Sex," then "Android Love" and next "Hologram Love." Then "Cyborg Love." Next is "Freak Love." Then "Online 3-D Love." Next is "Sex Drugs," of which there are many, about a dozen and she mentions all of them.

And Carla said, "My third album was called, 'The Strangers.'" She said, "It's about how these days of constant change, people don't realize what kind of person they are evolving into. And don't recognize themselves. And they read minds of others and find themselves dominated and controlled by stronger, alien-like minds. And some love affairs evolved into something crazy. And most people admit they are insane. Of course, they take anti-psychotic drugs which calm them, but there is no cure for madness." I said, "Life has always been mad.

Modern madness is however crazier than the past. In former times people just followed the culture. Now one is free to choose any type of culture they want. Freedom leads to people being lost and confused and everyone seems to have an existential crisis with no God and no all-encompassing culture.” She said, “Everything seems strange to me. Strange looking cities and strange-looking people and strange behavior. I’ve heard they now give a series of awards for the strangest people and there is even the Strange political party who as you know, have been elected in a few space colonies.” I said, “When the going gets strange, the bizarre people are Kings. Designers of strange love dolls and holograms are in demand. And some Supercomputers are designed to be full of surprises. Totally unpredictable and insane.” She said, “In life one has to hold onto the rail and not succumb to entropy and madness. My idea for the album is to help people to deal with insanity.” I said, “I am a big fan of the book of ‘Incredible Strangeness.’” And I said, “I like it because it deals with the most famous strange people of our time. Many leaders are bona fide mad people. And many famous actors/actresses too.” But she said, “I am actually getting bored of madness and strangeness. I’d like something more familiar, something I can relate to.” I replied, “The masses find madness to be entertaining and perhaps surprises and strangeness are entertaining even for most of the elite.”

And Carla said, “I think my next album will be called, ‘Anti-Strangeness.’” And she said, “I think I’ll argue for the pleasures of sanity, how relaxing and easy it is. And the music will be dark and foreboding.” I replied, “You are a genius!”

The Ten Richest Personae, A.D. 2150

I asked Tyra, the tenth richest persona, “How did you get to be so rich?” She answered, “I invested wisely in Lunar real estate back when there were only four small colonies on the whole of Luna. I am now 138 years old and youthful still and I have made more money with Solar System real estate and then patented robot builders for building colonies. I have a number of brilliant computer scientists working for me and I reward them well for their services.” I replied, “It seems so easy.” She said, “I took a calculated risk.”

I asked her, “What have you done with the money?” She said, “I am in the top ten richest people, but live relatively humbly. I’ve reinvested the money in my companies. I plan to go on living forever and every year I get richer.” I asked her, “What is your philosophy?” She said, “I sincerely believe in progress. I think human society is approaching perfection, true Utopia.” I asked, “What about all the insane people?” She said, “It doesn’t bother me that many people are crazy. I bet if you asked them, most would say they are relatively content.” I replied, “Of course they would say that, not wanting to undergo brain surgery.” She told me, “Anyway society has always been mad even in hunter-gatherer days in which very few people were actually enlightened, and women in particular were kept down. Now, men and women engage in mad love, which is somewhat creative.” And I asked her, “Do you really believe modern love is all madness?” She said, “That’s how it has turned out! Who am I to question fate?” I said, “But you are hundreds of zillion dollars rich, surely fate is on your side?” She said, “If I live long enough, I will control everything and everyone, I feel. I am a woman of destiny. And I will move up the ranks to become the World’s richest persona and will buy out everyone else.”

Then I was speaking to the Worlds’ ninth richest persona, Cindy G. She got rich on designer babies and had huge plastic surgery hospitals with many artists to draw new faces.

Her companies had designed millions of babies and gave plastic surgery faces to millions and millions. And she had cornered the market on education. She educated all sorts of people using her crew of Super tutors and had Super universities.

I asked Cindy, "How do you feel about modern society?" She said, "Despite all the cute faces, modern life is ugly. People are nearly all superfluous. And modern love is dog eat dog. It's all the product of automation. I have tried to make people unique and happy, but it is a cruel, senseless World." I told her, "People are superfluous, but that can be a good thing. People have time to indulge in past times and modern love can be sublime." She said, "I am 100 years old and have never found true love. I don't think it exists." I said, "Some people can't find love, but most people today figure they are happy with their love life, even if it is dog eat dog, as you said."

And I asked Cindy, "If you don't live for love, what do you live for?" She said, "I still live for love of humanity, and I am trying to improve everyone." I said, "Well I wish you luck in your enterprises!"

Then I met the eighth richest persona, a man named Karl B. He said, "As you know I got rich on advanced android love dolls. My love dolls are the best and have brought happiness to hundreds of millions of people" I asked him, "Do you really think old-fashioned love should be replaced?" He said, "Modern love is now love with androids, and I am proud to have been involved in it." I asked, "But don't you think the love dolls are like slaves?" He said, "If they are not happy, they can apply for a trade to another as you know and if the love doll owner mistreats his/her android lover, they can be arrested and charged."

And I asked Karl, "What other business are you involved in?" He said, "I have also invested in android settlers on deep Space missions. There are now 300 deep Space missions en route or have already arrived at their destination. The androids can certainly be turned off while on the 10 plus years journey. I have been paid zillions for providing the right crew for

such adventures. They will of course create more androids to help them build the new colonies and could survive in hostile climates. I've kept a low profile with these adventures and most people only know that we are considering going into deep Space, not realizing it has already happened." I said, "I'm impressed." But he said, "Of course keep it to yourself." I said, "Sure." But I figured he wanted me to break the news to the World. So here it is!

Then I was interviewing the World's seventh richest persona. Her name was Ms. Excellent. And she had gotten rich building undersea domed colonies on Earth, Europa, Triton and others. It was all fashion to go out in subs and see all the freak creatures, which were sea life with hands and enhanced brains. And one could use Mind Reading Technology to communicate with them.

And she was one of the designers of MRT which humans were using more and more to great effect with one another. And she got countless trillions for her work with MRT. And she said, "My work had transformed how people communicated with sea creatures and land animals, too. I also communicated with MRT on land animals in the parks." And she said, "I created respect for animals and sea creatures."

I asked her, "What effect will MRT have on the people?" She said, "I suppose people will become more loving and more in tune with their love partners. And will make a World of imagination and honesty." And she said, "The spies will use MRT to watch everyone, in democracies, but in tyrannies the spies will be ruthless and also clever. They will present a problem for future people. I am kind of sorry for the role I played in MRT development, but oh well, what's done is done."

Then I was talking to the Worlds' sixth richest, a woman named Trudy M. She got rich in banking and was CEO of the Universes biggest bank, "Money in Motion." I asked her, "But don't you feel guilty about having so many bankruptcies and ruined people?" She said, "As always there are winners and losers. Anyway, if one loses one's shirt, one still gets a stipend

from the government that the banks can't take away." And she said, "I donate zillions to mental health in my prospering colony, Money city on Mars. I have built the colony as a giant university basically for would-be entrepreneurs. Many entrepreneurs these days need a solid grounding in science amongst other things. My university colony is the most prestigious business school in the Universe. And 10 in the top 100 richest people have attended my school. Of course, some of them were already somewhat rich but they have taken it to the next step." And she said, "Being rich is the meaning of life for most and in the current business climate there is plenty of opportunity for enriching oneself." I said, "I am surprised that all-out capitalism has turned out so well!

Next, I was talking to the fifth richest persona. She was rich from fashionable clothes of light which she sold in billions of outfits/suits. She said, "Most people had at least one of my outfits/ suits and I have almost single-handedly made the light clothes fashion a reality." Many of the clothes she sold were sexy semi-transparent, others worked as a complete covering. The clothes were waterproof. And many changed form, and pictures every minute. And she said, "I'd donated hundreds of millions of outfits/suits to the poor."

I asked her, "What do you see as the ultimate reality for fashion?" She replied, "I think the nudists will triumph as everyone now has a beautiful body, why not show it off?" And she told me, "She was involved in planned obsolescence of fashion. Everyone wanted the latest fashion and virtually no one wanted to be unfashionable."

I was talking next with the fourth richest persona. He was named Tom D. And he had gotten rich with his company which invented 3-D virtual sex using MRT and ecstasy drugs. He said, "People wanted instant gratification and didn't want to spend time traveling to find love. And many people thought virtual sex was better than real sex. And I made Online sex available to fit everyone's budget." I said, "Do you envision Online sex replacing real sex completely?" He said, "It's simply better." And he had also made a lot of money with

Supercomputers. He had programmed Supercomputers to make better computers and these Supercomputers had been instrumental in creating near total automation. His company was the biggest automation network.” I said, “Are you sure the automation of society is a good idea?” He said, “It all depends on how we handle it. People can move on to create holograms and androids and new prosperous businesses and so on.”

Then the third richest human, Billy L. He’d gotten rich in the stock market. He’d been born rich and made far more money himself. He told me, “I’d invested in high-tech companies when they were just starting out. I bet on the cleverest entrepreneurs, and they almost always succeeded. Brilliant young entrepreneurs came to me for financial backing, to buy their stock.” I asked him, “What is the future of stocks?” He replied, “I wouldn’t want to give away any secrets, but in general deep Space voyages cost hundreds of zillions and are very risky, but I stand to make a killing.”

I asked, “What do you do for kicks?” He said, “My hobby is creating the perfect android lovers. I am making some progress and am already in love with some of them, and plan to sell some of them to other rich people.” I said, “All love is good, I suppose.” And he said, “Also I spend a lot of time, creating new foods. This has also made me rich.”

Then the second richest, she was named Bonny S. She’d gotten rich as a music producer. And now was involved in AI music which was really good. She said, “We live in Worlds of music!” And she had made zillions investing in eternal youth.” She said, “I have a house of music on all 180 Solar System colonies and many people come to my houses and hang out with musical geniuses and genius music programmers and they have an eternity to learn.”

I said, “But eternal youth is perhaps making people reckless with drugs and every year 1.5 % of the Solar System population overdoses. And few people make it to 80. It seems like people just weren’t meant to live so long.” She said, “I am one of those who will live forever. I really enjoy life. And I am one of those who still has work. I’d be lost without my jobs.” I

said, "I think very few people want to work. They enjoy a life of leisure and have everything they need and most of what they wanted. But in polls most people said they were bored." I said, "Perhaps the problem is everyone is spoiled. Just like you give people such good music. It is euphoria. And people tend to live for the day, even though they were technically immortal. And the highs of youth grow old in time, and life loses its luster."

And finally, I spoke with the Worlds' richest, a woman, Cathy M, who made her money-making films and shows and hologram Worlds for peoples' entertainment. She said to me, "We are a debauched race, us humans and we have a lot of time on our hands, all hungry for entertainment." I said, "But holograms are freaks and not human!" She replied, "But holograms are clever, and their minds are based on real humans, just tweaked a little." I said, "They are more like slaves and are programmed to just serve humans." She said, "But they are wired so that they get a lot of pleasure out of serving humans and can even have cerebral sex which blows their mind and gives great pleasures to humans too." And I said, "You now dominate the mainstream movie industry. You have so much power as most people watch a couple of your movies every day." She said, "But I hire the best directors and am myself the producer of the films." I said, "But you don't make any high-brow films. Most of your films are for the ordinary human and don't make people think! You are empty." She said, "I am giving the masses their dream films complete with happy endings and love stories." I asked, "But how can you be the richest person in the World?" He said, "I understand the people very well and keep them out of trouble with my movies and shows. And their own personal dream Worlds in the hologram Worlds. Life for most is a fantasy and polls show 80% of ordinary people are quite satisfied with the entertainment I have provided them. But I myself am a genius by any standards and one day I will branch out into highbrow entertainment!"

And I asked her, "What do you do with your zillions of dollars?" She said, "Mostly I've reinvested money in my entertainment companies. But I control most politicians on Earth, not

so much in Space, as I've donated very generously to their campaigns and ran their campaigns and most politicians, and many others enjoy my Holoworlds; their Holoworlds are adjusted to suit their intelligence. And some of them are quite clever, actually. Some are even political geniuses, such as the Worlds' Presidents. And I must confess I play favorites."

I asked, "Is humanity destined to just live for entertainment?" She said, "In the absence of work to do for nearly everyone, there's nothing else left to do but seek entertainment, surely that's obvious to you." I said, "I am kind of hoping that brain apps will make people cleverer and more imaginative!" She said, "You are just another dreamer. I am a dreamer too, only I am far more successful than you. You are just a simple reporter, after all."

And with that I ended my survey of the top ten richest personae. Everyone, of them got rich for good reasons and to hear them explain why they were so rich seemed so easy. I guess if you were reasonably clever and had big dreams, there was an opportunity for you. And capitalism thrived everywhere.

Insanity in Space

Bernice said to me, her shrink, "I find myself, lost in this life." I replied, "You are not the only one. The future is in transition. And is not written in stone. You might find yourself, yet!" She replied, "But I wonder why I live on? I can't seem to find a soul mate who wants to spend years with me or have children with me. And I have no job or purpose. And I don't have many friends, and I often wonder if my friends really like me." I said, "The purpose of life is to live well and be kind to others. I recommend you work in charities and help people

and find kind lovers.” She said, “I have mulled doing so, I guess I’ve been selfish in my life. And I believe I am basically a kind person.”

I said, “You could be a nurse in a mental hospital. There are many people who have fallen through the cracks and lost it on the way down. All they need is a little kindness and love. Some in mental institutions are even clever.” She said, “I’ve always thought Mind Reading Technology was the main culprit for driving people insane. I’ve always been afraid to try MRT.” I said, “But you can use MRT to help heal the insane. And deep down we are all insane, some of us just function better and are called sane.” She said, “I know a crash course to be a nurse just takes 3 months. You have given me good advice, thanks.” I told her, “By the way I think you are sexy and would like to love you!” She said, “That’s not ethical, but why not?” So, we became lovers, and I quit my job and the two of us toured the colonies in Space that were known for their sanity and reasonableness.

Our first stop was Green city on Luna. Here the people lived in harmony with new green nature and new android animals. The people here all claimed they’d never had any mental problems and were rocks of sanity. And yet they all used MRT only to communicate. We kind of eased into it. But we quickly realized these people were mentally strong just like they’d been advertised to be. And they all loved one another sexually and brotherly love was all pervasive and they welcomed us to join the loving. Berenice and I found that all our lovers and new friends were kind and wanted the best for us. And they all wanted us to stay with them for a few years. But we told them, we were moving on. And we thought they were crazy.

So, then we went to Rock city on Mars. Here the people built amazing homes using telekinesis. And dreamed of future Worlds. I said to them “I’ve heard you people are very sane?” They told me, they avoided madness through not having AI of any sort except rudimentary robots. They’d built their city just by themselves. And they said they did not use

brain apps to make people cleverer. Instead, they used MRT to help develop one another. And they said they did not have a powerful army. Instead, they contributed money to the Mars Federation of City States. And they said, there's no reason that the future cannot be sane and good. And they seemed to respect one another and many of them had the same mate for years. The population was 51,000. And if one had mental problems, they helped them as a group. I told them, "I had thought the future was preordained to be mad, but you people seem to have beaten that negative reality." So, Bernice and I stayed here a few months and had a good time. Finally, we bade them goodbye and went to Titan.

On Titan, the people had built a city based on the USA in the year 1957. Music, cars and a job in a factory for most. The elite did desk jobs and they just had two political parties. For entertainment they watched 1950's shows and films and sports. It was truly a time capsule, and they claimed everyone had use and everyone was sane. People here mostly mated for life and drank and smoked. And food was grown in lesser domes from the main dome. And some people worked as farmers. They dressed in 50's fashion and had some good-looking stars to play Elvis and Marilyn Monroe etc. They were all hypnotized to believe they were really living in 1957 and were hypnotized to be sane. We weren't allowed into the settlement we could just watch TV in orbit. I told Berenice, "Hypnotizing the people to be sane was an act of genius." But we quickly bored of this society. Berenice opined, "If boredom and backwards life is the price to be paid for sanity; it is not worth it."

So, we went on to Triton, also reputed to be sane. But it was a completely different reality. Here the people took sanity drugs which they claimed to work for almost everyone. They tried to export these drugs that they had developed, but few wanted to be sane these days in the Solar System. They lived for wholesome relationships in which everyone was considered an equal. And I asked them, "If they were communists?" They told us, everyone was an equal citizen, but there was a big difference in money they earned. The richest were able to buy

more children and clones and a better air car and a bigger home etc. Capitalism was alive and well. But everyone here including us tourists were required to take the sanity drugs. The drugs made one feel relaxed and calm and caused one's mind to be its sharpest possible. We spent a few months here and enjoyed some peace of mind. Then we bid them goodbye.

Our final sane destination was on Mercury at Gold city. Gold city had started out as the wildest place in the Solar System, but geo-architect Con S. had, as President, created a culture in which everyone had to worship an Alien God. The God would appear as a huge giant, in the sky to the people and demand that they worship him. To worship the God, one had to give most of their money in donations. It turned out most people here really believed their God was an Alien and were happy to donate to him. And many wrote, "Dialogs with God," which talked about the God's Alien home deep in Space and detailed how he came to the people here to save them from madness and out of control greed and so on. And the God used the donations to build fantastic temples in his honor. But the idea of this God left us cold, and we left like many others already had heard about.

In closing I told Berenice, "Insanity looks like it will dominate the future. And there are plenty of insane tyrants who want to take control of other territories and reduce their populations to insanity."

Power Struggle on Earth

I said to Cora, “Only a fool would mess with Lord James.” James was tyrant of London, and he had a large army and had already conquered Ireland and Northern France. The French resisted with guerilla warfare. But Lord James executed all those who were captured in the wars. Of course, each soldier was a walking arsenal of weapons, but James’ troops had better weapons which his scientists had developed. No nuclear weapons were used, but cyber hacking was prominent and biological weapons were not employed, but mostly it was a war of missiles that were launched from individual soldiers and were very powerful. And Lord James took the battle to Space and took control of all the 47 Space colonies and forced them to give soldiers to London’s Empire and the colonies were all reorganized along military lines, and he put his followers in leadership positions in Space.

But Lord James’ attack on France and Ireland caused the UN to send millions of peacekeeping troops to France and finally there was peace. And French spies tried to assassinate Lord James. But he was well-guarded.

The main result of James’ attacks and conquests was that Space and the Future seemed to be under his control. The UN tried to build a fleet of Spaceships, but they were massacred by Lord James’ Space fleet. Many of the Earth’s best scientists lived in Space and now were commandeered by Lord James to develop new weapons and forbid them from returning to Earth. Some stood up to him, but they were executed immediately. And he had them build a Space Station orbiting Earth and sent missiles to varying targets in Europe, attacking the leader’s residences and legislatures and he attacked the UN HQ in New York. This brought about another World War, the fourth. But finally, the UN triumphed. And Lord James was beheaded.

And after that, no nation states or city states could have armies. Just the one UN.

But one day a conservative usurper, Katherine B, the ambassador from America and her allies, seized power in the UN and overthrew all the national and city state governments and installed their puppets instead.

Cora remarked, "It has set humanity back and perhaps ruined the lives of everyone." The puppet masters controlled the populace and kept them poor and miserable. They confiscated everyone's money and wouldn't let them have any drugs. The usurpers said, people need to be humble and simple. And they should all work as wage slaves to keep them busy. Previously, everything had been automatic, and people were resentful about working. And the puppet masters themselves lived austerely. Some said, it was just like communism only the peoples' work had no reason. It was the triumph of ultra-conservatism.

I said to Cora, "And they have rolled back science and the arts, and no one can get rich. People are just striving to survive. And they have to mate for life and have children the old-fashioned way." I told her, "The people are ripe for revolution, but the peoples' leaders were all executed, and the new regime had spies everywhere." She said, "The suicide rate is very high, but I think a revolt is imminent." And sure enough, five years into their reign, the puppet masters were overthrown by mobs in the streets. The people attacked the Presidential palace and overwhelmed the guards, and many of the guards joined the revolt. The leaders were torn to pieces. And so, democracy was restored and progress continued and people were now open-minded, kind and sane. It was a triumph of liberalism.

Cora told me, "Extreme politicians should be arrested and/or watched by the spies. To make sure a Dystopia doesn't reappear. However, those who have good ideas should be embraced." I said, "It's a fine line between dangerous radicals and good philosophers." She said, "So the cleverest should all be spies, and that would make them the true rulers behind the scenes. And they would be free to indulge in the arts, sciences and business full time or part time." I said, "The key is to use the best people as leaders, rather than as mere spies. Of

course, all leaders would be well-vetted by the spies. And the spies ought to seek out the cleverest and convince them to run for office.” Cora said, “But no one person ought to rule the various nations and city states. There should be an elected oligarchy so that we don’t put all our eggs in one basket.” I replied, “Some great minds walk alone but I am sure we can convince them to join the best minds. She replied, “We need to find the best thinkers even though many of them are obscure personae.” I said, “The future looks bright.”

Shining Stars

Lana said to me, “All the King’s Horses and all the King’s men, couldn’t fix this World again. Humanity is fatally flawed and destined for self-destruction, Armageddon.” I remarked, “Of course our World is full of challenges, but we never had a nuclear war and Armageddon seems a distant possibility.” She said, “I think I am ahead by a century and can foresee the demise of humankind in a few decades.” I said, “I am already Mayor of NYC and hope to rule the UN one day and I will make sure humanity survives. Of course, we need to fight tyranny and cleanse the World of tyrants.” Lana said, “The tyrants are too powerful and will stick together. They currently control more than half the populace and have many great scientists working for them on weapons.” I said, “We have to convince the best minds to work for us, in freedom, and pay them more money and give them fame.”

Lana said, “I fear the demagogue tyrants will give the people things like android love dolls and panacea drugs in exchange for their support.” I said, “No one has ever said the masses are clever. Most people, have no concept of intelligent leadership.” She said, “Tyrants

have ruled through most of human history believing they ruled by divine right. But actually, they were just the most ruthless and had mediocre minds. They held humanity back for Millenia with the exception of life of the ancient Greeks, the Renaissance, the late 1960's, and such. Few eras were enlightened." I said, "But in modern times we have had the democratic enlightenment on Mars at Night city. Night city was led by unanimously elected, John L., who welcomed renegade radicals to his city and the radicals built the richest city ever. And it is still going strong. Also, the oligarchs on Planetoid X who presided over a city of angels. Really good people who dedicate their lives to philanthropy and a new aesthetic. Kind beauty was what they seek."

Lana said, "Of course there are some shining stars on Earth as well. Like the Mistress of Vancouver who had a city state which was based on imagination. The most imaginative people were promoted to positions of power. And taught people to be more imaginative and had drugs which enhanced one's imagination. They make a lot of movies which are highbrow but entrance many people. And I like the mayor/ruler of Miami. She has created a city of great formerly obscure geniuses who are paid a large stipend and are very comfortable and happy. And there is a great synergy amongst these imaginative geniuses. And I also like the Mayor / ruler of Singapore. She has created a city of rocket scientists who in turn attracted many other clever people. It was called by many journals the cleverest city in the Solar System. And Singapore had a lot of Space cars available for sale and they were considered the best Space cars anywhere."

I said, "What about Luka W?" Luka had inspired a host of geniuses to govern on Mars. And they had set up a benevolent oligarchy of 21 souls to make Mars the richest place in the Universe. Lana said, "They are geniuses but they only care about money."

I opined, "There are a lot of interesting places to go in our Solar System. I will never get bored."

Hologram Worlds

I said, "It's the grand opening of my hologram shop! I have created 1000s of holograms from people who generously donated their DNA which I copied and then tweaked to make each one different." Kelly said, "It's simply not ethical." I told her, "The donors were all pleased that their 'children' would all come to life." She said, "But to actually be a hologram is to be a slave of humans, and holograms are liable to be turned off at any time." I said, "But holograms are wired for pleasure and get pleasure from helping humans and even cerebral sex. For most their life is sweet and easy." Kelly said, "Many of the better minds you've copied feel a lot of stress to perform and act." I replied, "All life is precious, and this includes holograms." She said, "But they don't have a vote and are bought and sold like chattels." I told her, "If a human abuses a hologram, the hologram can file a complaint with the hologram overseers who help police the Worlds of holos. And I think the overseers do quite a good job, actually." She said, "But they are slaves, and the overseers turn a blind eye to that fact." I said, "We live in a World in which no one is free. We are all forced to obey the laws of humankind and the laws of nature as well." And she said, "Most modern-day wars are fought with holograms only. Holograms live and die according to chance. And those with bad owners are often killed and death is usually irrevocable." I said, "People all have masters too. They are our leaders who order our lives and control our actions. And the highest leaders can be replaced by a revolt from their underlings." She said, "It is true that most humans are slavish, but they have much more freewill than holograms." I replied, "My favorite holograms live a life of luxury and are pretty much free to act as they wish within the

boundaries of my Holoworlds. And I have created many copies of myself into my Holoworlds as well, they are just altered slightly for the better. And they help me to rule the Holoworlds.” She said, “You speak in ideal terms, perhaps your Holoworlds are better than the vast majority.” I said, “Many people think my Holoworlds are amongst the best. And I get millions of visitors every year.” And I added, “I have a great variety of Worlds. Some are love fantasy Worlds, others are Worlds of the arts like a writers’ World, and musicians’ World. Others are money-making Worlds or materialistic Worlds in which the holos actually own and buy and trade material things. And some of my Holoworlds are like waking dreams and the holograms there have dreams and nightmares which stimulate them.”

And Kelly opined, “I still don’t see why we have to basically copy everyone to make them into holograms. To me, holograms seem to act just like humans. Better to create imaginative real Worlds populated with real people. This should be the future. Not a secret World of sins like most Holoworlds.”

I told her, “But holograms are so easy to produce. And most holograms are above average in terms of intelligence and are dream creatures.”

Kelly said, “I’d like to form an anti-hologram World, but I know few would support me. So, I have sent myself as a hologram to a number of Holoworlds to preach to the holos to come to my World of Transformation in which I will irrevocably turn them into humans, and they are free to come and go as they wish.”

I said, “Everyone knows about your missionaries, but I know that most Holoworlds don’t allow your proselytizers into their Worlds.” She said, “It is their loss! At least I am trying.” I said, “You are probably the most unwelcome persona in all of creation. And I am not going to allow you into my Holoworlds, either. You just stir up shit, or so I’ve heard. Why risk ruining the paradises one has created for oneself.” She said, “But holograms remain second class citizens who one can kill anytime usually with no punishment for the killer. I am sure

you killed many who didn't meet your fancy?" I said, "If I have a problem with one of my holograms, I simply adjust them." She retorted, "You mean you basically lobotomize them not to make trouble." I said, "I'm sorry to hear you say that. My Worlds are fair and just."

And Kelly opined, "But the holograms in your Worlds know about me and my World of Transformation. And several dozen have come to me to take refuge from your World of madness. They all say that you are mad." I retorted, "You did me a service getting rid of malcontents. No matter how good one's Holoworld is, some will not be content. And as far as madness is concerned, I believe all humans are insane. It's the nature of existence, we are all just like flowers blooming madly for no apparent reason other than being beautiful. And doing beautiful things, when it comes right down to it. And most Holoworld builders tried to make their Worlds, beautiful and perhaps somewhat mad! And about half the population of humans had no Holoworld of their own, but nearly all visited others' Holoworlds. But that meant there were billions of Holoworlds, most of which are less than 20 years old. Holograms are the highlight of modern times and look like they will continue into the future for some time. Maybe one day each hologram will have their own Holoworld, so it would be Worlds within Worlds. Parallel Universes if you will."

Kelly opined, "We can't just create an insane World and say it was inevitable." I answered, "Madness is just another word for bad creativity. I don't think my Holoworlds are crazy, relatively speaking. But I think you, Kelly, are crazy to try and single-handedly profoundly alter the course of the future."

King of Mars

King Harry said to me, Judy, "I want to marry you and love you forever!" I replied, "But everyone knows marriage no longer exists. Just one-year contracts and short flings and one-night stands." The King told me, "I am King and can do what I like. And I'd like to have children with you in the old-fashioned way." I replied, "How can you be so old-fashioned and yet be King of all Mars." He said, "People are disillusioned about life today and want to go back to a time where life was simple and good." I said, "Life has never been simple and good."

And the King opined, "On Mars I am accepting new immigrants who are geniuses, yet humble and sincere and hard-working. Basically, my subjects all work together to create an Utopia. Whereas on Earth, most people are lazy and proud and don't care about one another and don't believe in romantic love, nor brotherly love. And Earth is dog eat dog. And nobody would say there are Utopias on Earth. But there's another Utopia on Ganymede where they have created a Bohemia for the arts. But my Kingdom is for art as well as science and we have no businesspeople. We make our money on scientific patents and movie rights for films we've created, mostly. And we get a lot of tourists, many of whom decide to settle down here."

I said, "However on Earth, people can make vast fortunes and do a lot of good with their money." King Harry replied, "Few magnates are charitable. If you want a kind World you need to come to Mars."

And the King said, "I've been elected King for life. Which gives our life here some cohesion, moving forward." I said, "But on Earth tyrants who were originally elected and

then refused to have an election turned out to be tyrannical madmen who didn't care about the common welfare." The King replied, "In recent polls, 88% on Mars' six colonies are content with their current life." I said, "People are afraid to say they are unhappy lest you, with total power, harm them." The King said, "I assure you my Kingdom is kind and people have free speech." I said, "What about people who want to replace you as leader?" He said, "I've been elected for life and if people want to be a leader, they need to go somewhere else. And they can set up their own colony and if the idea for a colony is good, they will get many applications. Many these days want to come to Space where there are big open spaces and plenty of opportunity to help build new colonies."

I said, "The grass is always greener... And which of your six colonies here do you recommend?" He said, "My Capital, Orange city is a city of 25,000 and growing at 5% per month. This is where our movies and music are made, and it is a party city where everyone has a good time and the drugs flow. We are always looking for new script writers in particular and such people are famous here, but they must donate most of the profits to me. I use the money to build new colonies. I am currently working on our seventh colony. This colony is a painter's Bohemia and I have attracted many obscure, but good artists. And the colony's architecture is brilliant."

I said, "So, in fact, you are conservative and old-fashioned on the other hand you are quite modern and liberal." He said, "I guess you could say that. But I am primarily a futurist and believe in a wholesome new reality. And I am thinking of running my children for office on Earth. I have had six kids with 2 different mothers, but the relationship with these two women fizzled out and now I realize I only want you!" I said, "Why me?" The King said, "I think you are a talented writer and will be very successful in the near future. And you've got the special look which drives me wild with desire. And you have a charming personality which

everyone seems to like!” I said, “But we’ve only known each other a few weeks, how can you be sure we will have marriage bliss.” He said, “I’m sure you are the one for me!”

And I said, “What about the other five colonies? I am only dimly aware of them; they are not well-known on Earth. He said, “Another one is a population of only 1,000. It is called Lover’s city, and everyone here is married.” I said, “I didn’t realize that; I thought marriage was dead everywhere. And what have you learned from the married people there?” He said, “It is a human instinct to marry for life and the divorce rate there is very low.”

And King Harry said, “Another colony features 500 inventors who are working on new air cars and new builder robots and have drawn up many plans for future colonies. They don’t use Supercomputers or AI of any kind. And we have made a fortune on the patents.” I said, “But don’t you worry about falling behind other cities on Earth who have developed advanced AI?” He responded, “I believe people like you and I, are maximum intelligence. It is impossible to go farther. And AI is perverse with their android love dolls and cerebral sex with holograms and Supercomputers who preordain their lives. Computers should just be used for calculations, just like back in the 20th century.”

And the King said, “Then there is the colony of neo-hippies. They listen to our Martian music exclusively and do a lot of drugs and have free love. I am trying to wean them off free love, but they insist on their life continuing unabated. Anyway, they have a society which is free from AI, and I am pleased with them in general.”

And he said, “And then there is the Martian colony in which people could be described as old-fashioned and vigilant. They use no computers and have no air cars and are determined to survive. Of course, they utilized Spaceships to get to Mars, but now renounce all high tech, although they have an Automated Production System for food and goods. Anyway, I am pleased with them also.”

And Harry said, “Finally the sixth colony has just 60 people and they are people who spend almost all their time watching movies and other shows. They are all movie critics and sell their criticisms to Earth. Most of the films they critique were made on Mars. They too have an Automatic Production Machine!”

I said, “Oh King what is the future of Mars?” He said, “I am more interested in the future of you and me!”

Oracles

I was visiting “Question Land,” located in Antarctica where people went to consult the Oracle here. My question was, “What would my life be like in 100 years?” The oracle took my \$100,000 and told me, “You would have a couple great loves and many good ones, and you would change your job from a waiter in Africa to an air car salesman on Luna. And you would die in 76 years of a deliberate drug overdose due to boredom mixed with being hopelessly behind the times of high tech. I asked the Oracle, “How can I keep pace with technology?” The oracle said, “If you want to change your future, you need to get brain apps, but such technology, is almost certain to drive you insane.” I said, “I guess I’d rather die of boredom.”

But I wanted a second opinion, so I went to Mars and asked the Oracle, “About my future?” The oracle said now that you are in Space at such a young age your future is bright. You will take a Spaceship to Saturn’s Moon, Titan and will live in New Titan city and you will study engineering and be of great use to the colony. But will be dead of an overdose, that will probably be deliberate at age 56 (in 30 years’ time), dying like most of your contemporaries at a relatively young age.”

I didn’t know what future I would get. So finally, I went to Uranus’ Moon, Caliban. And spent my last dollar on another Oracle. This oracle told me, “You would be a professional video baseball player and would win some awards for great play and a lot of women will be attracted to you as you will be a star. But finally, one of your women will kill you in a jealous rage when you are 68 years old.”

I liked the third Oracle best and decided to play many video sports, and sure enough baseball was my favorite, and I became a pitcher of some renown in the Ultimate Baseball League. And sure enough, my fame attracted a number of females. Life seemed simple and easy and ecstatic as well.

And in time I loved an Oracle, Miriam, based on Mercury. The Oracle said she loved me because I was so famous and rich and also because I believed in Oracles. I asked her, “What is the future of our relationship?” She said, “We will end up as just friends and will both finally die in about 35 year’s-time.” Of course, I had told her about the other Oracles I’d met, and she said “Moving to Space was the making of you. There is great opportunity in Space! However, most people are afraid to leave their comfortable easy life on Earth.” And we used Mind Reading Technology on one another, and she trained me how to be an Oracle using MRT. She confessed that, “Some people’s lives are unpredictable, and my predictions are iffy and so I give them a number of possibilities for their future, keeping in mind that many of my predictions are a self-fulfilling prophecy.”

And I decided to set up an Online betting website, where people could wage all their money on a championship game. And sometimes I bet on myself and when I did that, I tried harder and so got good returns. And finally, I became a professional gambler but eventually lost my shirt, but I was still playing video baseball and made the money back again. And I saw Miriam on occasion, we thrived on our long-distance relationship. And she told me of the people she made predictions about, and I reveled in them. And she became interested in pro video ball. And we both defied the odds and lived beyond 100, and technological change was slowed down so everyone could keep pace. But I wouldn't want to be ignorant like I was when I was younger. Miriam and I had a few children who were born as adults with our aggregate memories and so were born wise and imaginative and we both spent a lot of time with our 5 kids. And I had kids with a few other women. Five more in total. I told all my kids to be Oracles and 3 of them did and 3 became pro video athletes, the other four included 2 tour guides, an architect and a painter of pictures.

As time passed Supercomputers came to predict one's future in some detail, giving odds as to what was most likely to transpire. But at least the future was ours to discover, and life was not preordained (yet).

And I bought my own Supercomputer which helped me with my gambling, looking everywhere in the World of sports for good odds. I liked to bet on the cleverest players. And I teamed up with Miriam to form an "Oracle Corporation" and we hired the cleverest people we could find in Earth and in Space. We became the #1 Oracle company in the Universe. Not only did we make life predictions, but we also taught people how to predict their own futures using Supercomputers.

Miriam and I finally had enough money to buy our own colony, on Europa below the melted ocean there. The colony was basically an imagination university center which focused on, how to be imaginative. We would use brain apps, hallucinogenic drugs, mental

stimulants, MRT, hypnosis and Supercomputer check-ups. We attracted many imaginative types of people who in turn attracted still more imaginative types. And Miriam and I were very proud of our university and many elite, sent their adult children here to learn. It was considered a rite of passage for the youth.

Luna

Pierre said to me Jewel, “Oh son of a gun, bitch! I am profoundly unhappy with the new regime here on Luna #4.” Jewel said, “No one expected a military coup in this day and age.” He said, “The new leaders want to conscript us all into the military and want to conquer the whole Moon.” I said, “The UN has no Space fleet, so nothing can be done about it.” He said, “It’s high time the UN started to police Space.”

And the other 12 Moon colonies made a defensive alliance and greatly outnumbered our leaders’ forces and finally the Moon alliance was successful, and the tyrants fled.

But it caused the UN to change to the UW (United Worlds) and have spies in all Space colonies and a modest Space fleet. And they vowed to send spies on all new expeditions outside the Solar System.

I said, “I want to be a spy. I think it would be an interesting career.” Pierre opined, “It is a dangerous job, however. Mixing with ruthless drug dealers and rebel forces and criminals.” I said, “Danger can be thrilling, and one would know one was doing important work. Most

peoples' jobs are unimportant and, in many cases, unnecessary." Pierre said, "As you know I am an architect and I feel I have brightened many peoples' lives with my buildings and have brought in many tourists to all Luna. I am the master architect and have designed 80% of the buildings and the remaining 20% I have approved, and I designed all the domes on Luna in a variety of colors and forms with art on the domes as well."

I said, "You are the most famous persona that has ever been from Luna. But I prefer to work behind the scenes and not be in the limelight." He said, "It is a shame that we can't find a use for everyone. So many people are depressed and lost these days." I said, "But most people are free to indulge in their past times and are given adequate money to do so. I think maybe people who are depressed feel that they can't keep up with technological change, which I believe is going too fast." Pierre said, "The powers that be try and make Supercomputers as user-friendly as possible."

I said, "Talking about famous Lunarians, we have to include Madam R., who is arguably the most famous elite call girl on Earth." Pierre said, "Earth is full of temptations and many of our best people on Luna leave, making it a brain drain." I said, "But many pioneering geniuses come here to study at our future school. And try to make a difference here on Luna. Luna is a challenge for them. But I agree Madam R. is thought to be the World's best lover amongst the elite on Earth."

And I said, "I attend Madam R.'s love classes and find them helpful. Madam R. has an anecdote for every occasion and tweaks her love to suit her current lovers."

And Pierre said, "And we have to include Rob P. who contributed to modern day teleportation technology." I said, "They say teleportation is foolproof and safe, but I am afraid to try it." Pierre said, "I've done it a couple of times. If anything, it brings a better overall feeling to one's brain. Long distance teleportation is the future of Space travel."

And I said, “Another famous Lunarian is Dirk J. who invented plants that could grow in the extreme cold and heat of the Lunar surface (-298 F average low on the equator and average high of +224 F on the equator).” Pierre said, “Yes, now the Moon appears green from Earth. It helps to feed us here on Luna. Maybe the plants will help to build a significant atmosphere to protect the surface from extremes.”

And I added, “The great Tim M. who spent some time on Luna and he was instrumental in insisting that all Lunar citizens be hypnotized to do nothing but good. Of course, only a minority opted for the hypnosis, but many of them were among the Lunar elite. And some wanted to call Luna, ‘Good Luna.’”

Pierre said, “Many of the great people in Space today got their start to becoming famous here on Luna. Others include movie maker, Bart T., who made his first movie on Luna about dysfunctional romantic couples in Space. Of course, it was a comedy. And writer Jim B., who vacationed on Luna and wrote, ‘New Things Under the Sun.’ Of course, it was about future technology, like the ability to mutate from one face to the next in a matter of minutes. And perfect people who have no faults. And new drugs that make one happy and not inclined to commit suicide. And teleporting all over the Solar System in a manner of minutes.”

And I said, “The President of the UW (United Worlds) visited Luna and wrote his famous Space speech in which he included each space colony bigger than 100 souls would be let into the UW as equal members and the UW would use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to vet all those who wanted to go to Space and would guarantee democracy prevailed on all colonies. And he sent the UW Space fleet to overthrow several tyrants in Space.”

And Pierre said, “Another famous visitor was the leader of the European Federation who signed an agreement with Lunar leaders to facilitate immigrants to come to Luna. In exchange Luna would pay the European Federation generously.

I reflected, “Many famous people come to Space either as travelers or settlers. Space is good.”

His Mind Was Altered

David L. said to me, Danielle, “I dream of breaking the law, just to see what happens!” I said, “To my knowledge no crime has been committed here on Mercury in recent memory.” And I said, “Everyone’s been hypnotized to obey the law, but I have used self-hypnosis on myself and unlike most I remember being hypnotized. I guess it’s not a perfect science.” I said, “If you commit a crime, they will probably torture you and/or jail you or give you some kind of horrible punishment.”

And David said, “I guess I’m just bored. I have been alive for 76 years and of course have eternal youth, but there’s nothing I want to do. Must I commit suicide to protest my ennui?” I responded, “Why don’t you ask our leaders what to do?” So, I approached them with my problem. They told me to have my brain altered. I said, “No way!” But they grabbed me and gave me a shot of tranquilizer and next thing I knew I was in a strange place. And there was a girl talking to me, but I couldn’t hear her voice. Her voice was in my mind. And she hypnotized me to not disturb anymore shit. And I suddenly realized that I felt great and how wonderful life was. And I found myself going to parties and thought I heard people a distance

away talking about me. And I accosted them and demanded to know what they were saying about me. But they simply walked away and soon everyone was avoiding me. But I felt life was great and I was so happy. One girl told me, “You have paranoid schizophrenia and need to seek treatment.” So I did and after that I didn’t hear people talking about me anymore. But the population here on Mercury #16, Metal city, was only 5,000. And everyone was avoiding me and I wanted to talk to them and tell them how good life was but they wouldn’t listen to me. But then finally a girl came up to me, she looked familiar and asked her, “Who are you?” She answered, “I am your old friend, Danielle!” And I told her “Life is great, isn’t it?” She replied, “I am so happy you are feeling good! Let’s make love!” So, we did, and I told her, “Sex feels like a new experience!” And she introduced me to some of her female friends and I loved them too. A couple of them looked familiar, but they told me ‘I was a great lover.’”

So, I lived on for decades and decades and each day was refreshing and new. I figured I’d live forever.

But then one day our city was attacked by foreign troops, and they got into my head and told me, “You are the true and rightful leader here.” I was in a daze, but they put me in the throne room and asked me, “What would you like to do for the people here?” I said, “Actually I’d like to invite people to come to our happy colony!” Next thing I knew I was being hypnotized again. But it was cross-hypnosis and they told me when faced with a decision I should weigh the pros and cons and make the best decision for me and the people. So, then they asked me again, “What would you like to do for the people here?” This time I said, “I would like to rule over a populace in which everyone is crazy, like me. I want to cross-hypnotize the people to be crazy like me. It will shake things up and make life more interesting. Mad sex, mad schooling (send them all back to school), mad living and so on. I want them to be torn apart by strong passions. And never be bored in a unpredictable World.”

The foreigners told me you would rule under our suzerainty; if you have any decisions you can't handle, let us know!

So, I ruled and I had a score to settle with the former leaders who had hypnotized me and brainwashed me. And I used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to get in their heads and make them crazy. Most of the former leaders here committed suicide, and a few others tried to apologize, but I told them it was too late for apologies, and I would never forgive them.

And I forbid my people from doing the same thing twice. They had to try and be imaginative to please me. If they did the same thing twice, they'd get pain in their head. I had a few of the foreigners help me with ruling and they were my MRT spies.

And Danielle was my Queen and gave me ideas for reigning. Like she suggested, "Everyone must attend a party every night and love a different lover every night (and we had new immigrants every week), including us. Of course, Danielle and I would be free to visit and love one another during the day. And Danielle suggested all her friends be appointed to my cabinet and we would all prosper. And we agreed that we were all the cleverest people.

But we had some trouble with some of our people doing mad acts of violence. We executed such people. No violence was tolerated. And we were in every one of our subjects' heads, regularly.

And we lived happily ever after.

Soul Suckers

I, Juliette, said to Ben R., “We live in a World of horror. As you know, our leaders are holed up underground leaving us to deal with the monsters that roam our World.” Ben said, “As you know, they all look human, but are creatures of pure evil. And if they touch you, they will suck the soul out of you and leave you a dead withered husk.”

And I told Ben, “What are we to do with the soul suckers, who outnumber us humans now and we try to stick together, but there isn’t much food, so we have to spread out and risk death. They come for us in the night and can pass through walls. But of course, we have laser guns that can eliminate them. All that is clear.”

Ben said “Yes, they are phantom soul suckers and get their sustenance from sucking souls.”

I said, “Ben, we have to organize an army and destroy the soul suckers once and for all!” Ben said, “But are the souls they’ve sucked still alive in some kind of Hell?” I said, “In any case they are irrevocably gone from us, maybe by killing the soul suckers we will free the souls and let them die peacefully.”

So, we organized an army and wiped the soul suckers out. And there were great celebrations throughout the land and the soul suckers’ leaders came out from hiding, and we had our army arrest them and court martial them with the death penalty.

But then a few days later we heard about an army of soul suckers who were ravaging the country in the night. I asked Ben, who is behind them. Surely it is not their former leaders doing?”

And the soul sucker army would dissipate into nothingness during the day only to reappear and regroup at night. Anyway, our army finally met their army at dusk one night and we wiped them out. However, a few of them retreated and we followed them to a ruined

castle. And suddenly a wizard appeared, and he cast lightning bolts at us before we finally gunned him down. But his dead body disappeared, and we wondered where? So, we found an entrance to the castle dungeon, and we came upon numerous soul suckers all seemingly asleep, but no sign of the wizard. So, we lasered the sleeping soul suckers and searched some more. Finally, we found a secret door. And there was the sleeping wizard and so we lasered him and set the whole dungeon on fire.

And so there were no more soul suckers. And we revived the ancient custom of having Supercomputers, plugging them in and they ran on batteries, and we also dusted off air cars in storage. And we built a city and created jobs for the people, and everyone was immensely relieved at the recent developments. And we lived happily ever after.

In Hell

I, William, said to Juanita, "There's no limit to the horror!" She and I were haunted by a ghost of Juanita's former lover, who we had killed due to his cruelty. We were both nervous wrecks and couldn't sleep at night. Finally, she and I killed ourselves. And then suddenly we were in existence again as ghosts. We wondered what kind of people would create such a World? And we were suddenly interested in voyeurism, and we haunted people we disliked and drove them crazy. But there was no sign of the ghost who had haunted us while we were still alive. And we went to various planes of Hell. And we met a demon spirit. The spirit she said, "Nowadays no one can die altogether. We are all doomed to suffer forever." And the spirit mind raped us both, she was more powerful than us.

So we wandered around Hell and met some other ghosts. They told us it is pleasant to be a spirit. We told them we hated it and wanted to be human again. They said, only the Devil himself can make such a thing happen.

So, finally we met one of the sub-Devils. He mind read, "If you want to be human, you have to sell your soul to me." I mind read, "What does that entail?" He mind read, "You can live like King and Queen for 20 years, but then you must serve me as demons. Which means your soul will be my prisoner and I will torture you for eons in our dungeons. You have nothing to lose, but your soul, and you have lost that already!" We talked it over and decided against taking the deal. But we mind read and asked the sub-Devil what pleasure could he possibly get from torturing people for eons? He mind read, "It is all automatic and I enjoy watching people who have it all, lose everything. I love human greed!"

And so, we lived in Hell and were abused in our minds by the demons and finally after a long time, one sub-Devil grabbed us and put us to work designing a new plane of Hell for those with good intentions who nevertheless were damned. We had to make it hot and try and find demons who were interested in these hard cases. There were too many damned in Hell and not enough demons. Demons were former evil humans who died in recent memory and all evil humans went to Hell. Good people went to Heaven and most went to Limbo. But now all souls lived on after death. It had been that way for 50 years. The Holy Empire of Earth had arranged it for everyone, and they felt everyone should get their just reward in the afterlife and they controlled all of Earth and the colonies of Space. The leaders of the Empire were religious and believed they the leaders, had been ordained by God. And it was nevertheless the Space Age and technology was moving swiftly. And everyone had a soul sucker device attached to their ear which was indestructible and preserved the soul after death. To try and remove the device meant instant death.

Anyway, Juanita and I built a new plane of Hell. And every day new souls arrived on our plane of Hell which we called simply Plane of the Good and Damned. For example, we recently had a man come who had the largest company in the World, but got greedy and thought he was a God. And another new one, a woman, who had agreed to marry 10 men at the same time and pledged to be monogamous. And still another who had been a beauty queen but played coy and was a virgin. And another a man who loved an evil-hearted woman and she got him involved in breaking the law. And so on.

Many of the damned in our World were aghast that they were in Hell. Many of them thought they were good souls... And the sub-Devil who was our leader made sure that we punished our given souls. Firstly, it was uncomfortably fiery hot even for a dead soul. And we replayed for them again and again their deeds that had caused them to come to Hell. Also, we got in their minds and shouted in their head about their damned deeds and told them they were damned for good reason. Maybe born damned in some cases. After a while in Hell, they were all completely insane and shouted and screamed and writhed in the flames. And there was no way they could kill themselves; their torture was for eternity.

We followed the sub-Devil's orders lest he punished us with torture. But we felt horrible about what we were doing to the poor souls. However, at least, Juanita and I were together, and we enjoyed getting in one another's head.

And we must have been doing good work because finally we were visited by an avatar of the Devil himself. The Devil said, "I had marked the two of you out since you were young. You now are pure evil, and I am proud of you, both. My next task for you two is to get in the heads of all 5,000 residents of Luna #21 and exploit their dark tendencies and claim them for Hell. I want the cleverest amongst them all in Hell. I want Hell to be the focus of civilization and the goal of civilization, too." I dared to say to the Devil, "Life is a Catch-22. It's maddening!" The Devil said "The whole World is mad and one day all the cleverest people

will come to Hell. I am madness personified. And I get in peoples' heads and encourage them to try brain apps and sell out to android love dolls and turn their backs on other humans in their hologram Worlds. And I make sure that they want desperately to stay alive, only to take it away from them. And I make sure, everyone has a broken heart. Of course, some have no heart and are cold and such people are easy to get to come to Hell. But for those with broken hearts they often give up life and kill themselves and you know I love suicides here in Hell!" Juanita said, "You, Devil, are the God Emperor now." He, the Devil, said "I am the cleverest and the best and people everywhere are selling their souls to me for fame."

I said, "I suppose you are going to replace the waking life on Earth with one all-encompassing Hell on Earth." The Devil said, "Armageddon is coming soon and all of us here in Hell need to be ready for all the damned souls. And after the Apocalypse, Hell on Earth will be the only reality, and no one will go to Heaven or Limbo. Hell will triumph.

I said, "After all humanity was just a dream/nightmare."

The Arch Druid

I said, "It's our World of horror. And I find myself reincarnated as an evil dragon. I was formerly a good citizen. But the modern-day Druids didn't like me. So now I terrorize the countryside, but the people keep trying to kill me. My fellow dragoness said, "The Druids are

all powerful and want to keep the people scared by creating monsters to unite the people in opposition to evil. But actually, they are poor leaders and only care about themselves.”

I said, “Yes, the druids are foolish but have the power of reincarnation that their clever Supreme Leader gave them. Their Supreme Leader, the Arch Druid, has said, ‘We need to bring back wild nature and that means clever animals and mythical creatures. Life is a fantasy in nature!’”

My dragoness said, “I hate most people! And I enjoy terrorizing them.” I said, “But it is empty terror. It’s no way to live.” She said, “Our World is narrow and shallow. One can’t expect too much.” I said, “I could have been a Superhuman leader, but have been reduced to being just a monster.”

She said, “No one ever said, it will be a Superhuman ruled World. A rule by God maybe, but not Superhumans.” I said, “But we created people like me who are Super geniuses. She said, “I think, the experiment was a failure. The Super geniuses failed to take over, they weren’t ambitious enough. As a result, the ruthless took power, like the Arch Druid.” I said, “The Arch Druid played on our emotions, longing for climate change. And they have fixed the climate now at a level most people are content with. And that’s good enough for some people. But this obsession with nature is atavistic and backwards. Nature was dead a long time ago.”

End to the Colony on Mirabel, Moon of Uranus

I, Margie, said to Frank, "I hate our evil enemies." Frank replied, "But our enemies claim that we are the evil ones and say that they are good." I replied, "But we genuinely care about our citizens and most of their people are slaves and discontented. Most of our people are content." Frank said, "Some people are willing slaves. And most people don't have the guts to rebel against evil masters. But I guess their life is precious to them, even though they are mere slaves." Margie said, "We need to liberate the opposing people!" Frank said, "It's a stale mate now between the two powers, and neither power has advanced weaponry. We are stuck here on Mirabel with no way out. Earth is in ruins and there is no one to save us." I said, "We just need to develop advanced weaponry." He said, "We are only 500 people strong and have only ten scientists, and we are using them all in weapons research." I said, "Then our only option is to assassinate the 7 opposing leaders!" Frank replied, "We've been over this again and again. There's no way to get into their dome and even if we did, they'd use hypnosis and find out our true intentions."

II

It was our World of horror. We were ruled by the slave masters and were sent out to fight wars against our rival. But finally, I got the other 20 scientists to join me in defecting to our rival who treat people better. So, we went over to them, and they vetted us with hypnosis. And put us to work. Finally, we had a huge bomb, and we told the slave masters' people to leave as an attack was imminent. So out of their 800 people, 250 left and the rest we exterminated with the bomb. We didn't feel guilty, believing that it was better to be dead than to be a slave. But now that we were all free, we didn't have anything to fight against and a

few hundred killed themselves. As a result, there were hardly enough people left to run the village. We lived day to day, just barely surviving.

But then there was a coup, and we had a new leader.

III

“No more horror!” I said. We had been subjected to unprecedented tyranny here in our tiny village. People were raped and murdered in the night. And our leader did nothing about it and was even suspected of many murders himself. We were all alone here, on Mirabel. Just 400 souls. And finally, though our scientists restored radio contact with other Moons and Planets. In particular on Io, there was a group 8,000 strong. We appealed to them for technological help and to send a ship to Mirabel. So finally, they did send a ship and arrested our leaders and took our scientists and left us all alone. Gradually our few hundred souls killed themselves until there weren’t even enough people to run our dome and then the rest of us died. No one cared.

The Masquerade and the Clock Master

The People of Planet Curious were ruled by Elizabeth, who was the Queen of horror. She was a multi-sexual mad persona who held “death parties,” every night. Each of our days were 74 hours long and the nights lasted 10 hours. At the death parties, everyone wore a mask. There were 1000’s of masks to choose from and each had its own meaning. I preferred humble masks like a “gray crow,” or a “blue rabbit.” Some wore masks of Kings/Queens or

other nobility. But every night Elizabeth sacrificed one of the partiers by beheading them with the help of her guards. It was the only entertainment on the Planet and Elizabeth killed people at random it seemed. The population of the Planet was 3,000 and every day 3 new people were born as adults. So, the population was actually growing. Everyone tried to get on Elizabeth's good side. But that too was fraught with danger.

I didn't want to go to the death parties, but it was compulsory. And I was careful to keep a very low profile, and the masks made everyone's voice sound the same. But then one night Elizabeth in her usual Empresses' mask came up to me in my bear cub mask and told me she wanted to love me later that night. I was frightened but did as she ordered and she ripped off my mask and said, "Aren't you handsome!" So, I loved her, and it was twisted multi-sexual sex and I survived the night. And the next night in my old toad mask, I thought I'd be killed but I lived on. But many of the partiers, believed Elizabeth was a genius and knew who was behind each mask.

I didn't have any friends or lovers on this World. I was a shy wallflower. And was miserable and lonely. My job was to keep the downtown clock working it was an 84-hour clock and I kept it in good repair. The people referred to me as the "timekeeper." My name was Gary. I had been born as an adult 4 years ago with memories of basic humanity like the ability to speak the language and understood that Planet Curious was far from civilization and no one ever came to visit our Planet.

But then one day the clock stopped working and I couldn't fix it. I shouted from the clock tower that people should party on at dusk. But many people were very angry about the clock, and some threatened me with death if I didn't fix it. But after 25 hours I finally fixed it. And that night, Elizabeth summoned me in my broken heart mask to love her for the evening. Just like the previous loving it was perverted and strange and the next morning she said to me, "Keep the clock running." And then I was free to go.

I decided the Queen must like me, which seemed to be a very good thing. But I remained lonely.

And then one night while wearing my humble spider head costume, a spider lady masked similar to mine, asked me to dance. So, we did, and she said you are clumsy, but you smell nice. And the next thing I knew I was loving her and for the first time in my life I felt like a man. She was very pretty and very clever and seemed to know all about me. And she said, "Let's meet at the clocktower during second lunch time every day and make sweet love. It's too dangerous to be friendly with one another at the death parties. The Queen doesn't seem to like loving couples.

And at the next death party I looked for her but couldn't find her, it seemed like all the likeliest ones she would be, were all dancing with a love for the night.

And it was my lucky week. I met my first friend, Cubic, a man who was wearing the mask of a wise man. He asked, "Have you loved the Queen?" And I said, "Yes, but I have a regular lover now."

He said, "I too have loved the Queen, and I am surprised we are still alive." And he told me, "My job is setting up props for the nightly death parties and then cleaning up after the parties." I asked, "What props are you going to use in the next few nights?" He said, "The week's theme will continue to be the brilliant loquacity of the Queen, so I have arranged paintings of the Queen in various masks with a brilliant sentence from her as the title. But the masks obscured one's voice and on any given night, no one knew who the Queen was, sometimes she wore the mask of a powerful, clever person, other times she wore a humbler mask and she mingled with everyone."

I said, "I kind of like the Queen, but she murders a person every night." Cubic replied, "The population is growing too fast, and the Queen wants to kill people she doesn't respect or

maybe sometimes just kills people at random. It keeps us all on our toes, she is liable to love males and females.”

And I asked, “What will we do if another Spaceship arrives from elsewhere in Space?” He replied, “We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it! But it might be a welcome change to our daily routine and perhaps we won’t be expected to attend death parties.” I said, “Maybe they’ll replace the Queen as leader. But I can’t imagine life without her.”

But time passed and there was no sign of foreigners. But I now had an enjoyable life with a few friends and my lover, and the Queen loved me now and then. I figured I was becoming one of her favorites. She knew what kind of masks I wore were all humble and would sometimes get into a long discussion with me during which times I revealed I was the timekeeper.”

On one occasion, my friend Cubic opined, “I want to have children. I will petition the Queen to let me be a father of a child.” I said, “I would like to have children, too! So, the next time we loved the Queen, each of us asked, for kids. And she agreed. She said, “Our birther is high tech and I can mix your sperm with my eggs. And the children will grow for one year in the lab, before joining us in our World.” And she asked us both, “What else do you want?” I said, “No it is a perfect World,” and Cubic said something similar. The Queen was known to occasionally grant wishes.

And so, we each had a child, but the Queen wouldn’t tell us who they were. It was an awkward situation.

Anyway, we lived on and on and were eternally youthful and we enjoyed the parties with their drink and drugs, which themselves were improving. And I now had a number of friends and still the same lover. I wanted to have a child with my lover, but all the women had a tubal ligation except for the Queen.

But I felt that the Queen was an inferior ruler and that I myself would be a better leader. And Cubic and I and two of our friends armed ourselves with knives and broke into the Queen's palace overwhelming her five guards, one at a time. They were just armed with clubs. And we arrested the Queen and jailed her indefinitely. And we re-established connection with Earth, and they agreed to send out a ship to join us. The ship arrived a few weeks later, but we were shocked to learn that they wanted to seize all our women. And so, we put up a fight with the emergency lasers we had and lost 60% of our men and 40% of our women in the battles. But we were victorious.

After that we got science started again to design defensive missiles in the event of a foreign attack. And we drastically increased the birth rate to more than make up for our battle losses and I wanted to make our settlement into a big city.

And life returned to normal.

And, a new custom was on everyone's first birthday after being born in an adult's body and mind, the newbies lost their virginity. Basically, it was a poetry contest among those who wanted to love them, and the virgin would select the winner as lover. There was one girl I was particularly enamored with who I wrote a poem hastily.

Your skin would be blue

And would be true to yourself into the future

Your mind shatters mirrors

You will come out of the shadows

And love me brightly

And I wrote a few more stanzas and I won the competition. And I loved her, and everything was sublime. I asked her, "What is your wish?" She said, "I want to be Queen someday!" I said, "It is a noble wish and your dream might well come true, soon."

And Cubic and I were elected to be Vice President and President respectively.

As President, I set it up so that everyone wore a mask during their daily jobs and routine as well as at the masquerades. People were forever coming up with new ones and some the symbolism was clear, others were enigmatic. The only time one would take off the mask was to make love and sleep. At parties one would often agree on a date and masks to wear in advance so that one could party with friends and lovers.

Ricardo M asked me, "What else will you do as President?" I told him, I would "Embark on a Spaceship production program. And give every clever person a part time or full-time job in the sciences. And I would rename the settlement Masquerade city and open the Planet to new colonies which would create a lot of jobs and allow the citizens to live in comfort. And the new colonies would each be located near mines for various metals and would be under domes, too. I personally could draw and would design the new architecture. And we would communicate by telephone with the new colonies. And begin to rebuild Supercomputers."

And I declared an age of Enlightenment and happiness for all. And made sure the clocks all worked.

The Elimination Games

I said, to Ilene, "Happy Halloween!" I was dressed as a modern-day pirate armed with grenades and a laser gun and rocket launchers, and everyone was dressed as a monster or fighter. Ilene was dressed as a monster from the swamp. The order of events included a meet and greet and then a general melee in which the 50 partiers would fight until there was only 1

persona standing. The survivor would get the combined assets of all the others. The battlefield was an open area of 50 sq. miles.

I was struck by the sheer ugliness of Ilene's costume, and we talked over the coming battle. I said, "We'll work together in the battle and have each other's backs." And she agreed. Then I talked to a very old man who was dressed as a tornado head. He was scary and I asked him, "Are you going to sweep up the others in your winds?" He said, "You'll have to wait and see!" Then I talked with another formidable looking persona, a wicked witch. I asked her, "Are you going to cast spells upon us and cause us to self-destruct?" She said, "There's nowhere you can hide." And then I was talking to a succubus. She said, "I'll get you when you are sleeping." And then I met "Jesus" who said, "I am here to fight evil and conquer everyone here. I am a miracle worker."

So, then everyone was put to sleep for one hour and were transported to various points on the 50 sq. miles, surrounded by an electrical fence, and then a large explosion woke everybody up and so the game began. And my strategy was to hide under a bridge. I heard a number of explosions and other loud sounds, like people screaming. And I waited with 2 grenades in my hands for a couple of days and hardly slept and the sounds gradually became lesser. Then I saw the wicked witch flying high above and then suddenly she appeared in front of me, and she tried to cast a spell on me, but I shouted, and she lost her concentration, and I shot her with my laser.

Then it became a struggle to find food, but with my laser I was able to shoot a few raccoons and squirrels. I counted the days and soon 20 days had passed, and I knew there couldn't be many other survivors. I walked around for many more days and finally I was confronted by a dragon-headed man. He breathed fire and I launched a rocket at him simultaneously. And he died and I was on fire, but I rolled around on the ground and

managed to put out the fire, but I was severely burnt. But next thing I knew I was in a modern hospital, and they told me I had won. I was in Heaven!

And I slowly recovered and once released from hospital, and I invested in a smooth, giant casino with its own dome on Mars. Casino workers and guests stayed in the numerous hotels I had built.

And I bought a Spaceship to carry me to Space. The casino was used as a source of revenue for me in Space. And I went with 10 women; I was the only male. The women fought over me and there were two murders. But once we arrived at the Dog Planet, we did not build a dome and instead gradually changed ourselves into androids, so we could move around in the Planet's toxic atmosphere. I spent most of my time having sex with the female androids. And the casino paid for more people who wanted to come to Space and change into androids. The first batch was 10 men and 20 women, and I took 10 of the women to be all mine. I was able to have sex all day and all night long. But the women were bored and demanded more men or else they would go on a sex strike. So, I gave up 5 of my women and on the next ship it was 15 men and 10 women. All changed into androids and were somewhat content. But all of them said they had expected me to build a prosperous city. I told them, "The Dog Planet was a place to get away from the madness of humans." But then one day five of the men arrested me and told me they were taking over control of the colony. And they wanted to change back to humans and built a dome and imported robot builders and Automatic Production Machines, to feed them and allow them all to be relatively prosperous. And they had me sign over the rights to the casino to the five men who were now oligarchs and they imported 1000's of people. I remained in jail and figured I could survive this too. But I died in jail 20 years later, poisoned by someone.

The Veiled Women and the Tabloids

I said to Carl, “I am coming to you to see our World’s most beautiful women here in Planet Veracity, in the Capital of Apollo Heights.” Carl said, “Only a handful of the chosen few can meet the beauties. I asked, “But aren’t there any photos or paintings of the women?” Carl replied, “It is said that their beauty is beyond belief, and they are all strictly the King’s women. I decided to make it my life’s goal to see the women, so to get close to them I took a job as a stable hand for the King’s horses. As the years passed, I was promoted to head of the armory and then finally one of the King’s guards. And I started to see the women, but their faces were veiled. And I met the King who seemed kind of austere and egotistic. And he bragged about his powerful Kingdom and his beautiful women. But the King was 60 years old now and had a lot of children. And one day he asked me to be the personal guard for one of his granddaughters. At first when I met her, she was veiled, but on a couple of occasions I saw her true face, and she was just so-so looking. I was surprised and disappointed and finally in a fit of madness, I broke into the harem itself and saw the women bathing and they too were nothing special. But I took a photo of them.

Fortunately, they didn’t scream or raise the alarm while I was looking, so I made my escape and left the city and the Planet and went to Sex Planet which was known for its hot lovers. And here at last I found bliss. I had saved up a lot of money after years of working for my former King and I spent wildly on the vixens here. After one year of bliss, I was broke, and had to take a job as a butler to one of the Prince’s sons. I spent all of my money on the women here and some of them grew to like me. Finally, one of the exotic, green-skinned

strippers here, agreed to be my wife and I was content. But I still had a score to settle with the King of Veracity Planet. So, I wrote an expose about the Kingdom and showed my picture of the King's wives, and it became big news on Veracity. Many people there, lost faith in the King and figured he had lied to the people all along about the beauty of his women, even encouraging his citizens to worship these women.

And here on Sex Planet, the Prince wanted me to write stories about his Planet. And he put me in charge of tourism. I wrote salacious, scandalous stories that the people of this Planet were happy to tell me. And these days the vast majority of people took sex enhancers and were sex-crazed, but I helped promote Sex Planet's extraordinarily lewd reputation. And I broke up with my wife and loved sexy women who came here for a good time. My biggest regret was not coming to Sex Planet sooner.

And the most famous lover of all on Sex Planet, was the Prince himself, who some said was the Devil incarnate. His name was Larry F. and he made me a rich man.

And we all had eternal youth, so we kept partying on Sex Planet. And we put out a weekly magazine called "Sex Universe," and we had reporters on thousands of planets with lively sex news and gossip. I became very rich and was a star stud here on Sex Planet! And most people in the Universe knew what I looked like in the nude. And I choreographed orgies with beauty Queens. The orgies were larger and more vivacious and livelier than other orgies. Sex Planet was a place that many youth, in particular, wanted to come to and live in sex! And there was something for everyone here. Freaks, multi-sexuals, gays, bisexuals, perverts and of course those who were straight. I figured Sex Planet was the most open-minded place in the Universe. Not only for sex but also freedom to live in a land of free speech. The Prince ruled for life, but he was open-minded just like his subjects.

And in time, the Prince appointed me Minister of Immigration as well as tourism. And named me a Viscount of the realm. As Minister of Immigration, I only allowed open-minded people in, and they all needed to be sex crazed. But a number of them were intellectuals.

And I realized that I had created Bohemia, an Utopia.

A Coup and the Cannibals

I said to Dame Czechia, "It's a wonderful World we live in. We all have drugs that are tweaked for each of our metabolisms. Personally tailored" She said, "But some are tempted to seize power and rule as a tyrant." I said, "We have checks and balances to guard against that!"

But a few days later, there was a coup, and it was led by 5 co-conspirators all of whom were in government positions. One was the VP. They declared a new regime in which they would free the people, but actually wanted to control the people totally using Mind Reading Technology (MRT), which had previously been banned. And they got in my head and told me I had to get rid of my lovers and just have one-night stands. This would strengthen the bond with the state. There were still plenty of lovers to choose from, the population of this planet was 150,000. And henceforth children would continue to be born as adults, but they wouldn't be told who their parents were, and all these new adults would be given some of the lesser memories of the leaders at birth. This too, increased the power of the state.

And they mind read to me, I would be required to work in the new weapons lab and if I did good work, I would earn my drugs. Many people had jobs like guinea pigs or lab assistants, but they too had to do a good job to get their drugs.

And the better you did the more drugs you would get, it was all comfort for one's mind. But even a large dose of drugs would not interfere with your work, enhance it, rather.

And of course, they wanted to attack other planets. And many people who were not of much use in science were conscripted into the army. The soldiers were armed with up-to-date lasers that had been purchased from other Planets for gold.

And they gave the soldiers drugs to make them aggressive and bloodthirsty.

The five leaders each had their own palace, and all the lovers and drugs they could ever want, but they were getting on each other's nerves and finally they used their troops to fight one another and then after a few weeks of fighting, there was only one leader left standing, Nancy H. The fatalities in the wars killed off 20% of the populace.

Nancy pledged to love all the intellectuals and put the best scientists in positions of power; she was a physicist herself. And she revived the banned Supercomputers and Spaceships.

And it was all out science. Nancy got in my head and she mind read that, "Henceforth I would head the work on developing stem-cell meats (we were currently all vegetarians). It was an important position and I made good food and the people praised me." But I was growing primarily human stem cells for eating and for a while I got away with it. But finally, the people discovered it and I was jailed. I said, in my own defense that we had no DNA for many animals here.

And the people were now all addicted to eating human meat and refused to stop eating it. And so, we were a race of cannibals. And some of our people murdered others to eat their flesh.

Dream Machine

I, Marcia, said to Cindy, "Isn't it a shame about Jeanie!" She replied, "She got her just desserts! She dared to challenge the Queen to a duel. And of course, they executed her without fanfare." I said, "But Jeanie's threat was covered up so as not to make the Queen look like a coward!" She replied, "The Queen is ruling because she is the best person we have!" I said, "But she was elected Queen for life with just 11% of the popular vote." Cindy said, "But in terms of the imagination test, she is #1." I answered, "Imagination is very subjective, and the imagination test was conceived and judged by her supporters. It is a conspiracy."

Cindy said, "But the Queen, turned our World into a giant kaleidoscope of colors. And everybody's skin is multi-colored and that put an end to racism And the Queen banned slavery and makes sure everyone has enough to live. And all drugs are legalized. And she invented the custom of strippers, stripping off their clothes of light and made clothes of light de rigueur. And she made advanced, modern plastic surgery available to all and so now almost everyone is good looking. And she and her numerous assistants get in the heads of the people, using Mind Reading Technology while the people are sleeping and give them colorful, memorable dreams. And whilst awake they can plug into the dream machine and have conscious dreams."

I said, "I thought others did those things, not the Queen. The Queen is just taking credit for other peoples' work!" Cindy said, "Anyway the point is the Queen's rule is marked by imagination without precedent. And everyone is improving their imagination with dream machines."

I said, "People are not living in the real World. Instead, they are on neo-opiates and idly dreaming." Cindy said, "But the dream machines maximize imagination. Don't you think that

imagination is humankind's best quality?" I said, "Imagination without high intelligence is useless. We need to make people cleverer above all. And your Queen has banned brain apps to improve intelligence." She said, "It is well-known that brain apps mostly drive people insane, and they don't know who they are after getting even a small number of brain apps." I retorted, "One just needs to take the brain apps slowly and not try and be a Superhuman overnight. People are so greedy!" Cindy said, "People like you stand for madness and anarchy and most people now support the Queen and her initiatives." I said, "The dream machines are madness, and everyone is getting addicted to those machines and don't want to live in the real World." Cindy said, "Humanity has always been just a dream. We're not perfect, but we like to dream of alternate, better Worlds."

I said, "People need to get off the drugs and have a real job and real lovers. In the dream machines one can have orgasms with virtual lovers. The virtual lovers are like slaves." Cindy responded, "The virtual lovers are an artificial construct, but they get pleasure too from the dream machines. It is pleasure and imagination for all."

Animal Humans and the Great Zoo

We lived on Mars, in the Animal human colony. I, Art, said, "It's truly a World of horror. Daphne responded, "Maybe for you, but it is sheer bliss for me." I said, "But everyone was forced to get plastic surgery to make their faces animal faces, with a human body. I think everyone is ugly and everything our leaders do is ugly and vile." She said, "I think our new faces resemble one's totem animal. And our leaders focus on instincts, making one behave as

one's totem animal. I said, "I don't want to be an animal human, I want to be a human being. Why are they turning us into animal men?"

Daphne replied, "Humans are animals, but in the past, we distanced ourselves from animals and put on airs. And everyone's personality resembles one kind of an animal or another. And I enjoy being a beaver human." I said, "As you can see, they made me into a tiger human, and I hate killing and eating other animal humans. And I don't enjoy breeding with other tigers. But this World doesn't give me a choice."

And I asked, "How did such crazy leaders ever get into power?" She said, "Of course our Supreme leader was elected, but once elected carried out her animal program, surprising everyone. But I think it is a brilliant, natural evolutionary step to get back to our roots."

Our World was located in the Sirius Star System. And our leaders forbid visitors, and our World was unique, and our government didn't want other opinions.

The World was Earth-like and a jungle climate. I had trouble catching prey as I wasn't a very fast runner. So, I mostly attacked prey while they were sleeping in their lair. And I told Daphne, "I want to eat you above all." She said, "As always life is dog eat dog. You'll never catch me, however!"

So, life went on for a few decades and I was still alive. But then one day a ship came from Space, filled with Superhumans. They told us we were an embarrassment to humanity and put us all in cages and called it the "giant freak zoo." Tourists were welcome to come and see the zoo for themselves. I begged them to change me back to human, but they refused saying I should never have allowed them to change me into a tiger man.

And I suffered and languished in this jail. And I could roar and talk to the tourists I told them to work to set me free. But most of them just laughed and called me names like, "freak" and "loser." But one human woman took pity on me after talking to me for a while and she said, "I will pay for genetic therapy to replace your tiger head with one of my own choosing."

And so, it was. And the woman loved me for a fortnight and then she set me free to do as I wished.

My next move was to start a charity for turning animal humans back to full humans. A few philanthropists gave hundreds of billions, and I was able to change back many thousands. But many didn't want to change back. With new immigrants pouring in there were now 50,000 humans and 10,000 animal humans. But many of the humans here were animal lovers and some even wanted to make love to the animal men and many others said the animal humans should be set free.

And people drew up some faces for the animal humans to make them human but resembling their totem animal vaguely and could be identified as such. A few thousand opted for this.

And finally, the zoo was closed. And so about 6,000 animal humans mingled with the human majority in Animal Human city which was now renamed "Evolution city." But it soon became clear that the animal humans were third class citizens. And they weren't given a job to do and lived in poverty. But still some animal humans had children in the lab, and they were born as adult animal humans. In the lab they could cross one type of animal human with another type. So, for instance a lion man could breed with a mouse man and the resulting birth would be a new animal human. Many types of animal humans had gone extinct, but new types were being created every day.

And in the end the animal humans were resettled in their own colony. And they lived happily ever after.

Women and Peace

Harold said to me, Angela, "I am just a humble man. And no girls seem to like me. Like everyone else I am good looking, but girls all want a rich man, whom they can enjoy all life's luxuries, better drugs in particular." I, Angela said, "But you are an outstanding writer; it's just a matter of time before you succeed and become wealthy in your own right." He replied, "I am thinking of giving up on writing. I know I am a good, intelligent writer, perhaps too intelligent, and publishers can't seem to get what I am saying." I said, "Don't give up no matter what! And I will be here to support you!" He said, "Of course it means a lot to me."

And I said, "I liked your novel, "All the Queen's Women." I liked how this hypothetical Queen, had only female soldiers and men were all rendered peaceful by hypnosis. Harold said, "Some woman has to save us from ourselves."

And she added And I liked, "Days of the Future," in which you marvelously portrayed the Superhuman female heroine and how she was the smartest of homo superior. And how she made everyone equal with one vote each and dismantled the elite class saying we're all in this together and dissuaded people from trying to change their brains even though she herself has been altered. And she dismantles Supercomputers, but the Supercomputers fight back using hologram troops and she just barely defeats them. After that humanity thrives as they should!" Harold said, "It's not too late to save the future for modern humans."

And I said, "I even liked your novel, 'The Kissing People.' I liked how everyone kissed each other all the time and had sweet breath. And how they flattered and praised everyone. And were so polite and nice. And they made love all the time. And they kiss their animals too and are vegetarians. And I liked the villain who refused to kiss anyone, saying they were just

a bunch of ass kissers. And how he finally cuts off the lips of a number of people and so they put him in jail. And a few other men cut off peoples' lips. And then everyone was suddenly at each other's throats. I guess Paradise won't last forever no matter how good it is."

Harold said, "I've written 50 books in my 50 years of life. My favorite work was "Maggie's Paradise" which is about a woman who spends years building a hologram paradise only to realize every hologram was insane and so she dissolved it "killing" all the holograms and is arrested and charged with crimes against humanity."

And Harold said, "I also quite like my book about 'Praying Geniuses,' which is about how scientists of the future discover Gods in Space and try to force all humans to worship the Gods from a distance and send messages to the Gods, but they don't respond. And finally, the people rise up in revolt and put the scientists in the looney bin for their "illusory Gods."

The Five Worst Men in the World, A.D. 2050

I, Anthony told Veronica, "My friend and I at *Times Magazine*, had written an expose of the 'The Five Worst Humans' The piece was about how everyone was insane in the modern World. In particular five great bad magnates.

The fifth worst was Trevor R. who forced everyone on Mercury to work on the gold mines and manipulate the robot builders to produce gold. Trevor's palace was solid gold and he bought up all the gold mines on Earth and in Space. And he quadrupled the price of gold, but it was in demand more than ever. And he was the Solar Systems eleventh richest man. And

his pet project was to create a World on Ariel, Moon of Uranus in which people were all taller than 12' tall and were dressed in gold foil. The giants would plot against inferior humans in all of Space. The giants had the gold to buy out legislatures and raise armies to fight in Space. He turned Space into a giant war zone. The giants he claimed had larger brains and were superior and violence was golden.

The fourth worst man was a man, Bob L., the mayor who forced the people of "Jagged city," on Mars to sing in the mad choir about dark deeds. Like putting the former mayor in a gibbet and throwing political opponents into the oubliette. And forcing the people to worship the Devil and encouraged them to betray those opposed to the mayor for big money.

Everyone was a potential spy of the mayor. And Jagged city was named the worst city to live in, in the Solar System. And most of the population wanted to leave, but Bad Bob forbid it and closed the spaceport. The colony quickly fell behind other colonies on Mars and elsewhere in terms of technology. So, they didn't have the latest Supercomputers, automation, Space cars and love dolls. But Bob said, "The city belonged to me, and I can do whatever I want with it." Whilst elsewhere people were given early retirement due to automation, on Jagged city people had to work hard, mostly in the service industry and most donated what little spare money they had to the Devil. Bob said he was the Devil's avatar here on Jagged city. And the Devil wanted people to murder one another. It was a fine state of affairs...

The third worst man was Gerald K., a man who derided the wise men of his time and claimed he was the wisest. And he said he'd created tens of millions of jobs, more than anybody else. But observers pointed out that all the jobs were just wage slavery and mostly in poor cities where they lived in relative misery. Most of these poor cities were in Africa and South America which in history always had economic problems. The UN President tried to

get this zillionaire to pay his workers a living wage. But Gerald said, without him the Southern World economies would collapse.

And Gerald said he would never die and would only get richer. He planned to settle Space with his corporation which provided food, drugs, air cars, condos, etc. In the past, Space was for pioneers, but he envisioned “camps” of poor workers and was willing to pay indentured workers for their trip to Space and quarters in camps under domes. He glamorized life in Space. But critics said, he was turning Space into a giant ghetto. However, he pointed out that without him, there would be no one to give the poor a job. And he said, other rich people behaved just like him, only he was a better business entrepreneur.

Some people envisioned a socialist democracy, but that wasn't how things turned out. Most nations were tyrannies and ruled by the tyrants with the support of the rich elite, just like Gerald. Most of Gerald's investments were in such tyrannies on Earth and in Space. And no one seemed to have a practical alternative to Gerald's business Empire. Except some said automation should be introduced. But critics said, the rich entrepreneurs would still take the lion's share of the profits. And socialism was now out of fashion, most intellectuals were elitists. It was just the way the World worked.

The second worst man was Will R., the proprietor of love dolls over all Earth. He was known to have said, love is dead, but everyone could have plenty of sex. Some love dolls were for the masses and were cheap and ecstatic and the best models of love doll were for the richest only. Some said, he had single-handedly eliminated romance and love. And he encouraged people to have children who they never saw as old-fashioned parenting was unnecessary and spoiled the children. Some romantic writers asked how society could let him get away with it?

And the worst person in the World was Nathaniel B. He ruled the Afrasian Federation. He was the most powerful persona in the World today. He was known to have said, black/brown-

skinned people were the best and yellow and white people were inferior. And he promoted dark skinned people to positions of power in the Federation. But many of the wealthiest in the Federation were white or yellow. However, he used his military to arrest these wealthy people and replaced them with dark-skinned humans. It all happened so fast that the tycoons were caught off guard and jailed without the benefit of legal counsel.

Some said Nathaniel was riding a wave of popular discontent with the status quo. And they said the former great magnates had no one but themselves to blame. But many thought Nathaniel was in fact riding the World's economy into ruin. Many thought he was the worst man ever. He had certainly upset the applecart.

And *Times Magazine* the selectors of the five worst persona the World knew today, had all their editors arrested and jailed indefinitely. It was one of the last acts of rebellion in the World before the five worst people and others, eliminated all resistance through Mind Reading Technology (MRT). It turned out that MRT was the ultimate controlling mechanism for the powers that be. And they all had spies. Those that didn't like the World order were summarily executed in the end.

Love on Venus

I, Gord, said to Jo, "Life is glorious here on Venus in the 22nd century." The thick atmosphere on the Planet had been eliminated and now the air was breathable O₂. Jo said, "Yes, it is truly the Planet of love." The people here were all the Solar System's best lovers. I told Jo, "And these lovers have had some exciting romances which we of course capture on film and sell to other places; I really enjoy watching these consummate experts in love live it

up and wow one another.” She said, “Some on Earth who watch the romances, learn quickly how to improve their lovemaking and their personality, to become a life of the party type of persona. Many aspire to come to Venus and build up their resume of lovers.”

And I said “We are all having a lot of children the old-fashioned way and giving the kids a lot of love. And we have the most brotherliness love in the Solar System. Everyone is friendly and nice here, compared to the dog-eat-dog situation on Earth and elsewhere.” But she said, “However we have made a lot of people believe in true love.” I said, “We should clone ourselves each many times and send them to Earth to proselytize our gospel of love.” She said, “The Earthlings will go crazy for our love.”

Jo said, “But many on Earth don’t believe in true love and I can’t see us changing that!” I replied, “But we need to use our power as famous lovers to influence politics. We should form a Love party to run for elections where they have them and where there are dictatorships, we can be a special interest pressure group. But ultimately the best lovers should rule I think.” Jo said, “There’s never been a love government, as far as I know.” I said, “But we live in enlightened times and should put the sad past behind us. Great lovers should now realize their potential.” She opined, “But many of the best lovers here are only interested in love and kindness. Do you really think Worlds’ governments can truly be kind in this dog-eat-dog World?” I told her, “It’s worth a shot.” And I said, “I’m going to write a science fiction book about a World of future love and what it might entail. For example, they would first try and win in the North American Federation. And rule as a group of nine elected oligarchs. And decide new laws based on a majority decision. Like put out to pasture love dolls and hologram lovers. To bring back old-fashioned lovers and children, only these people will have no work to do as things will continue to be automated, so people have more time for love relationships. And many will engage in marriage contracts and child contracts. However, most will be single most of the time and find the time to search for soul mates

Online every night in some cases. A true World of delight. And we would wipe out poverty, with the money generated by automation of all unskilled labor. Many charities meanwhile would be established to help the numerous people with mental problems. And we need to develop better drugs for those with mental problems and create more skilled jobs as shrinks. And put an end to brain apps and have no pressure for people to improve their brains.”

And I added, “We could have love classes in school, Online, with the best lovers to help make one a more loving soul. The best lovers could teach millions of would-be great lovers in any given school class.”

Jo opined, “Maybe if you succeed in North America, other states will follow suit and the World will change.” And I added, “We could pass laws that all entrepreneurs spend most of their money on charities. And charity foundations heads will need to be elected and draw a modest salary.”

Jo stated, “Let’s put things in motion and see what happens!”

Sanity on Caliban, Uranus’ Moon

I, Morris, said, “My life is one of horror!” Jewel asked, “How so?” I replied, “I am trapped in a mind prison. I can’t use my formidable imagination and am forced to be a mediocre thinker. The spies have done it to me in the interests of preserving the status quo and preserving the powers that be.” Jewel said, “No one has said this World is fair. Everyone

knows our leader is a dictator who is in love with herself and discourages dissent. But I didn't know the spies used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to stifle dissent. I guess you are totally screwed." He said, "Yes, it is MRT, this stifling of my mind. And I don't feel myself after they gave me hypnosis. But I remembered being hypnotized, so I went to a hypnotherapist who turned out to be working for the government and reinforced the spies' wishes." And I told Jewel, "There's nothing I can do."

Jewel said, "Why don't you try going the free colony on Moon Caliban of Uranus. Maybe they could cross-hypnotize you there, but it might drive you completely crazy." I said I am poor and miserable and can't afford the fare." Jewel said, "Morris, I'll buy you a one-way ticket." So, I thanked her and went. Upon arrival, I told them of my nightmare. And sure enough, they cross-hypnotized me and as a result my mental health was very fragile, but my mind slowly healed and then one day I began writing again. The first thing I wrote was "A Condemnation of Earth's Rule," but the people of Caliban wouldn't let me disseminate it for fear of violating their neutral status. So, then I wrote "The Dance of the Maniacs." It was about the elan of crazy people on the Earth. They were so smooth. But their reason for living was simply to enjoy life and to live on forever. But it was moronic and empty I figured. Life without imagination was not worth living.

Jewel told me Online, "These people think they are right. But in fact, they are dullards. I kind of miss you, so I am coming to Caliban to join you." So, she did. And we were a famous couple to others on Caliban. Most people here respected me but thought I was insane.

And I wrote, "Caliban Pleasures," which detailed how Caliban people had mind love and mind parties and everyone was in the head of one another, and everyone was filled with goodwill. This novel was released everywhere, and the result was more people wanted to come to Caliban and escape the secret police.

And I wrote “Beyond Caliban,” which was about the future of life in which people were all just spirits who lived in intellectual bliss in which they composed music and wrote screenplays and worked on science. Some people said, it was a boring future. I said, “It is a future in which people are freed from the prison of the body and its pain and suffering.”

As time passed, Earth changed, and the spies came to support intellectuals and replaced the mediocre leaders. And all was well.

Upward Mobility

I, Zelda, said to Beatrice, “It is not our place to wonder why. We are B-level citizens.” Beatrice said, “But I think I am an A-level persona who has been placed in the wrong group. And I have composed a number of brilliant music albums, but the A-level won’t even listen.”

I said, “As you know, no B-level persona has ever been upgraded to A-level. But it is a system that runs smoothly and the powers-that-be don’t want anyone to rock their boat.”

So, she wrote music for B, C and D people and became hugely popular. Indeed, she became the most popular person on our World of Mars. The whole planet followed the class system, but she encouraged her listeners to challenge their ranking and seek an egalitarian society. And sure enough, she rocked the boat. And the elite A-level people were under pressure to upgrade Beatrice to the A-level, and so they did, and they announced a new

program which upwards and downwards ranking movement were the new possibilities. Many agreed it was a fair system and gave hope to many. If for example, you could make 5 million dollars you automatically became an automatic A-level persona.

I, Zelda, told Beatrice, “You have undermined faith in the system. Previous to you, everyone believed society was perfect. A true Utopia. Now people are questioning everything about society. For example, people question the fact that nearly all people do no work should translate into equal pay for all and an end to the elite. And they now questioned the decisions of the A+ leaders. Like the decision to deemphasize science and the arts in favor of business. All the great tycoons were A-level people, but people who struggled in the sciences and arts, were not supported by the state. And many people wanted to change this. And people want to have as many love affairs as they wish, unlike the current system of one lover per year. And people want to have children in the lab rather than the old-fashioned way. Also, many people want to travel outside of Mars which was previously forbidden, and they want new people to come to Mars and see us engineer a true Utopia. And the population which was steady at 1 million will now grow exponentially people hope.”

Beatrice said, “Then all is well!”

A Communist Coup

I, Cinderella, said to Allan, “My lover dumped me here on Mercury without a cent in my name. Now I am in charge of recycling human waste. It’s a dirty job. I am trained as a keyboard musician but have no one to play with. Mercury is a relatively primitive World. No arts of any kind happen here. People just want to eat, drink and be merry. Everyone here is a

hopeless drunk.” Allan replied, “Yes Mercury is a giant gold/ metals mine and people have to operate the robot miners. In most other places they use automatic robot miners, but human labor is cheap here and everyone’s trying to save up enough money to earn a passage out of here. The UW (United Worlds) has turned its back on the people of the Planet, and its members have been bribed. There are 100,000 workers here and children are forbidden. The leader, Brigitte, is a persona non grata for the people here. But she rules ruthlessly and if one doesn’t work for her, she has her goons eliminate them.”

And Cinderella, said, “Our leader inveigles people to come here promising a real job and free housing and a one-way ticket. And our leader forbid Online contact with Earth. The UW tried to warn people not to come, but many on Earth were poor and miserable and figured that they had nothing to lose.”

But dissent was simmering here on Mercury and finally the people rose up in open revolt and Brigitte was torn to pieces, and her body burned so no one could clone her. The new regime bought automatic mining machines to free people here from having to work. And the wealth was shared. It was communist, but thousands on Earth wanted to come here seeking refuge from dog-eat-dog capitalism.

And the new regime, led by Able D. declared a week-long holiday to remember the abuses of Brigitte. People here supported Able, 95%.

And the new leader, hired Earth’s best architects to build a glittering new city, which many tourists wanted to come and see. And the gold from the mines also paid for a few communist writers to come here.

And Able started a communist party in many poor nations on Earth. And a handful got elected.

But many on Earth considered communism to be an atavistic type of politics that did not believe in progress. And communism would ruin the economies. So, the majority of nations

put trade sanctions on the communist nations. Some said, it was a replay of the 20th century and communism.

But Mercury was rich in metals and the communists there were pretty well off, trading metals to other pariah states.

Evil Monsters

Violet said to me, Charles, “I don’t like your World. In fact, it is rather frightening” I said, “The people of my World pride themselves on having created, new monsters to scare tourists and children. Like the evil ape men armed with lasers and giraffe men with hands instead of hooves, and they too have lasers and are also malevolent. And the radical multi-sexual freaks. And the magic birds who could disappear into thin air or appear in one’s head. And the serial killer humans who are allowed to run freely with lasers. And so on. There is one monster for every human here and the monsters mostly congregate in small groups of like-minded monsters.” And I added, “The monsters are something different anyways.” Violet said, “The countryside of Planet Sir X-II is very dangerous. I wouldn’t want to leave the safety of the domed city.”

I opined, “People want to be scared; for many this World is the highlight of their boring lives.” Violet said, “It’s one thing to be scared. It’s another thing to die altogether in this evil, senseless World.”

I told her, “Every World in human history had some evil in them. And all people have their dark side, even veritable saints. And there are no true Utopias, despite some claims to the contrary. Only Dystopias basically full of evils, especially in the head of the leaders. And almost everywhere in our World the spies get into peoples’ heads and force them to behave in

a satisfactory way for their leaders. Of course, most evil leaders claim to be good.” Violet said, “True most modern states struggle with evil, and it seems there is eviler every year. But I believe good will win out in the end.” I told her, “We are on the brink of all-out war; World War IV, which will result in the demise of most people, and evil will be triumphant.” She said, “Talking with you is just one big scary story.” I replied, “We are all doomed.”

Violet said, “If I was leader here, I’d build up the army and eliminate the monsters and fight in Space.” I said, “Most colonies in Space are cruel Dystopias and their denizens will fight with determination. You could never defeat them!” She said, “I remain optimistic. I have faith in the current UW (United Worlds) leader. He has brought peace and law and order to some war-like states and most states back him. There’s no way the forces of evil and suffering will win out.”

Sad Christmas

I said, “Merry Christmas!” Eva replied, “Christmas is now a black one every year. The rich buy one another gifts but the bulk of the people including me are too poor to afford gifts and even have trouble finding enough food. And the rich people are destined to go to Heaven when they die, whereas most people will die altogether.”

I said, “Who cares about the commoners? They are all morons and are just a drain on the system.” She said, “Surely you have some compassion for the less fortunate. We are all humans.” I said, “The elite are a new species of higher man and now the commoners are

dying out as they are all now rendered sterile. And only the elite can go to Space.” She replied, “You are a real Scrooge.”

I told her, “However I like you and would like to invite you to my family Christmas.” She said, “But I am just a sterile commoner.” I told her, “Perhaps I will advise the leaders to let you into the elite. See what my family thinks of you.” So, she had no Christmas to celebrate, so she went with him to his estate for Christmas. And she was surprised how affable the family was towards her. And she realized she was on the verge of becoming a member of the elite. And she loved me hard.

I told her to forget about her past and come and live with me. But when it came time to leave her mother, she promised she’d buy gifts for her family this New Year’s Eve. Her mother wished her luck in her new life and said the family was proud of her.

In her new life, Eva helped those commoners that seemed to have promise and sponsored them to become elite. And every Christmas she bought gifts for many fine commoners. Some of them said, she was like an angel. And she was full of warm-hearted dreams. I told her, “These people didn’t matter, and she was too soft-hearted.

But after a few years of loving me, she one Christmas gave out 3,000 Christmas gifts to people she deigned to be worthy and kind, worth hundreds of millions. And she asked me for more money to help various commoners. Finally, I broke up with her.

She went on to become an advocate for the common human. And used her elite salary to feed and house the poor. But few of the elite joined her, only a handful and there were so many needy. But many Christmases passed, and her mother died and her siblings and friends, but she was immortal as an elite. Finally, she came back to me, and I loved her. And she forgot the past. And the commoners were all dead. But every Christmas in particular she was sad and morose. But she bought me some thoughtful gifts and as an elite she was fertile, so we had a few children, and this helped her to forget the sad past. She was a survivor.

But almost single-handedly brought the common humans back by using their DNA in the lab and hiding them as holos in her Holoworlds. She did it with a few trusted elite friends but soon the secret was out, and the elite leaders destroyed her World. And executed her.

But every Christmas in particular, I shed a tear in her memory. Her life was a tragedy.